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ANNEX

Chamber
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A MAD WORLD.

(10)
W.F.

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LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

A MAD WORLD

AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET

1876.

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2, Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge.

October 9th.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the account of your voluntary incarceration in a private asylum, and the observations you there made in the interest of the public and of suffering humanity.

This is the way to work. A great battle is not to be won without self-sacrifice. Accept a tribute of respect from a brother writer interested in that good cause, and may Heaven prosper your efforts.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.

JULIUS CHAMBERS, ESQ.

I have not thought any preface necessary, other than the above generous letter, received soon after the events narrated were made public; but it may be well to say that under the pseudonym of "Felix Somers" I have recounted my own experiences.

J. C.

London, May, 1876.

PROGRAMME.

INTRODUCTION :—A CURIOUS COMMISSION.

The Prologue.

INSANITY AS A FINE ART.

Book the First.

A FARCE :—"BORROWING TROUBLE."

In which an Amateur plays the leading part.

Book the Second.

AN EMOTIONAL DRAMA :—"MAD MORTALITY."

In which other players act and an Amateur looks on.

Book the Third.

A COMEDY :—"PRESENTED AT COURT."

In which every character gets his just reward.

The Epilogue.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION.

I.—COMMISSIONED.

It was a sultry July afternoon in New Orleans.

I was seated in the smoking-room of the St. Charles Hotel—a special correspondent, worn out after a long journey. Tossing away a cigar, I fell dreamily into the street, absolutely without a thought in my mind.

A boy entered the room and handed me a telegram, which, without altering my position, I opened.

A message in cipher:—

New York, Aug. 10th.

Felix Somers, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

Dzlo brx ihljg lqvdlwd ; hqwhu griwru ehtgndr

pdgkrxvh dvd sdwlhqw dqg zulwh hasrvh? If you accept, come to New York.—Answer.

W. F. G. S.

“More political corruption,” thought I, beginning the construction of a key upon the margin of the message.

The key was soon completed (the cipher alphabet beginning with the cue letter “D” prefixed to the telegram) and resembled this:—

DEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABC
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

I wrote the transcription at the foot of the cipher, supplying all double letters omitted, and started back aghast at the novel mission which I was asked to undertake.

“Shall I wait for an answer?” asked a strange voice at my ear.

Fearful that my wild commission was known to others beside myself, I sprang out of my chair and faced the inquisitor; but my eyes encountered the stupid, innocent face of the messenger boy, whom I had quite forgotten. He offered me a

quantity of telegram blanks: and, amused at the ridiculous grace with which I accepted them—thinking more of the boy's bewildered face than of the crisis of the moment—I resented myself to prepare a reply.

I prefixed the address at the top of the blank. Then I found myself in a grave quandary: to save time I affixed my signature. The truth was, I hesitated to write the answer.

Curious events in my future hinged upon the decision I was so suddenly compelled to make.

Again I took up the telegram, and read it with the key—once, twice, thrice. There could be a mistake.

Then I wrote, and, thrusting the paper into the boy's hand, tried to convince my beating heart that I had dismissed the subject wholly from my mind.

He received it hesitatingly, and looked at me inquiringly.

There was a single word in the message—"Yes."

As the boy disappeared, I absently glanced at my watch and discovered that it was the hour for dinner. I did the most appropriate and lucky

thing imaginable — strolled into the dining-room.

Many happy ideas owe their inception to a good dinner.

While in the act of ordering the first course, a waiter handed me the card of a travelling acquaintance, bearing the request that I should join him and a friend of his at dinner. Accepting gladly, as a stranger in a strange city generally will, I soon found myself chatting sociably with my travelling acquaintance of the previous day, and his friend, Dr. Pulsado.

“We were classmates at Harvard,” explained the commercial agent, after introducing his companion. “If I haven’t forgotten my slang, we used to ‘rush’ in the same squad, ‘ride the same Greek pony,’ and make love to the same ‘college widow.’”

“Mr. Somers can dispense with any further details,” the doctor quietly interrupted. “If you will permit me to finish the story of our lives to

date, I can do it quickly enough. I should say, 'Party of the first part' went into trade; plenty of business after the first day: 'party of the second part' went into medicine; very little in the shape of business after the first day—employed in arranging his books. But how do you like our city, Mr. Somers?" asked the doctor, suddenly changing the subject.

"Quite well, indeed; only I wish it were in a cooler climate," was my reply.

"Oh, the heat does not trouble us," said the doctor

"No, I suppose not," retorted the commercial agent, "when it swells the sick list so largely."

The doctor asserted, good naturedly, that such a thought had been foreign to his mind.

As the sequel proved, however, this remark was for me one of the most fortunate exhibitions of doubtful propriety imaginable. It turned the conversation into a channel no one could have foreseen; it led to the finding of the ruse by which alone my desperate commission could have been executed.

To it this book probably owes its existence.

"I say, doctor, do you have many cases of sun-stroke?" asked the Boston traveller, struggling hard to appear serious.

"Not a case," retorted the physician, with the best of good nature; "except when some northern 'swell' like you comes to visit us. You stay here a while and I shall probably have one—but I'll 'make it interesting' for you when I send in my bill. Seriously, it goes very hard with northern people who are sun-struck in New Orleans."

"And the natives—?" began the commercial agent.

"Oh, they're sun-proof. With strangers, however, the symptoms, generally very marked, are quite interesting to study."

Up to this moment I had been a silent and, I fear, not a very attentive listener—for my thoughts were constantly dwelling on the strange telegram which I carried in my pocket. But now a weird idea flashed upon me: the conversation suddenly became of the most absorbing interest.

"Bad digestion," continued the doctor, setting

more agitated than I am; he's getting pale and nervous already."

The commercial agent concluded his remarks with much bogus seriousness, but with good nature in every feature of his face.

"Does not intense mental agony frequently succeed the attack?" I hastened to ask, fearing that the topic would be changed. In this I was evidently mistaken, for "the language of the shop" was the doctor's delight.

"Yes," resumed the physician, addressing me. "After stupefaction ends, a genuine mania not unfrequently developes itself. The patient stares wildly, and for a few days has all the apparent symptoms of acute dementia. The comatose state lasts longer in some 'cases' than in others, and a few never come out of it. The mania generally sets in about the end of the second day, and, if the patient survives it, leaves the poor sufferer in a very exhausted condition—something like the weak state following a long and violent fever. In other cases the brain suffers more than the rest of the body, and the mind never reasserts its control. Sunstroke is a

disease of the brain, not a sudden shock (like a blow from a club or a stroke of lightning), and for a time that organ is thoroughly deranged."

"Try this champagne," interposed the commercial agent, filling all the glasses. "You'll have me for a patient before twenty-four hours are past, if you don't stop—Heaven forbid! The people of New Orleans are to be shod, not sun-struck, and by especial dispensation Heelem and Company, of Commerce Street, Boston, are to shoe them." [*Genuine applause; not given, but expressively symbolized.*]

"There's nothing like leather," said the doctor.

"There's nothing like physic," said I.

"There's nothing like—a printer's devil," said the commercial agent.

After dinner, I went direct to my room. I opened my note-book and read the message again:—

New York, July 10th

Felix Somers. St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

Will you feign insanity; enter Doctor Baldrie's mad-house as a patient, and write exposé? If you accept, come to New York at once.—Answer.

W. F. G. S.

I transcribed the message into the book, and underneath I wrote the following memoranda :—

“The sunstroke mania is just the thing. Write to a friend that I have been sick ; buy and read authorities on the subject of insanity ; go home by to-morrow’s steamer so as to get a week to ‘cram’ for the examination.”

I then sallied out to make the round of the book-stores.

II.—FLOATING RUMOURS.

THE fact that a stranger, named Felix Somers, had arrived in New York from New Orleans and had taken rooms at the Grand Llama Hotel, becomes interesting in this place on account of many peculiar incidents connected with the stay of this guest which are now matters of gossip among the three hundred fellow-travellers who inscribed their names upon the hotel books on that fair July day, and who have long since returned to their homes in all parts of the world.

The guest referred to was a young man who appeared to be a schoolmaster in the metropolis for the first time: but it would have surprised an old citizen to have observed the ease with which he found his way around New York.

He passed as little time as possible in the dining-

room during the day, and was never seen lounging about the corridors of the hotel.

A guest at the same hotel afterwards recalled the fact that, while visiting the objects of interest in the city, he had seen this slender, blue-eyed young man at a table in an obscure alcove of the Astor Library; and the thoroughly observant librarian of that institution remembers to this day the young student's face and recalls the earnestness with which he appeared to have been "cramming" for a thesis upon the subject of insanity.

A hall-boy in the Grand Llama recollects that a distinguished journalist and a prominent lawyer called at the young man's room on several occasions, and he further cites the mysterious circumstance that these visitors on all occasions went direct to the guest's room, without inquiring its number or sending their cards from the clerk's desk.

It may appear strange that all these trivial incidents should have been readily recalled more than two weeks afterwards.

More curious, still, is the fragment of a conversation overheard by Miss Grundy during a summer's

evening promenade with her betrothed, in Madison Square, and which her worthy mother insists upon having incorporated with this narrative.

Two young men, who had been observed in earnest conversation, seated upon a neighbouring bench, separated with the following meaningless words : —

“ Well, Dinfor, I am ready,” said one, as he offered his hand to the other.

“ Everything is arranged and all details well understood by us,” was the reply.

“ Then let the farce begin at ten to-morrow.”

“ You may expect me at that hour.”

The young lady maintains that I was present at that interview.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE PROLOGUE.

INSANITY AS A FINE ART

[For the direction of future Players.]

HAVING seen so many fools in all stations of life, you are naturally led to believe that it is the easiest thing imaginable to systematically play the methodical madman. In this, however, your judgment deceives you, for you will encounter much study and many difficulties. And here I want to kindly advise, cruelly given, perhaps, to ambitious young actors. If you are a sentimentalist, with a weak mind, ask your manager to "underline" you for some other part. The leading one throughout this play is a dangerous experiment, unless you have

Mr. Dinfor, who at once made my cause th
own with an enthusiasm the more pleasing beca
I needed no new proof of their fidelity. I
first assumed the rôle of an uncle, the sec
of an old-time friend. An advertisement inser
in the most widely circulating newspaper in
land could not have secured me two more sinc
coadjutors.*

These preliminaries concluded, plunge desperat
into general reading. Keeping up your collate
studies in Beck, Pritchard, Fodéré, Lauret, M
rison, Esquirol, Foster, Sundt, Hammond, Parkm
Upham, Carpenter, and, above all, Bucknill
Tuke, so as to master all phases of the real disea
give an evening to the feigned madness of Haml
for, although the purport of his madness is
very obvious, the young prince had evidently ma
the subject a special study as he might have do
for some part of a biennial examination at W

* Something like this, for instance :—

WANTED—AN UNCLE AND A COLLEGE FRIEND, TO COMM
young journalist to a mad-house. Stating age and enthusias
such a ticklish enterprise, Address FELIX SOMERS, Printing-H
Square, New York, U.S.A.

get you hence to the first tall steeple, whence, looking out, behind some safe bulwark, you may know how delightful 'twould seem to jump. Read at midnight the dagger scene in Macbeth, and realize, if you ever shall, the fine line of distinction between mere disordered fancy and the latent seeds of mental disease as you are to watch them ripen into mania in Lear. If you master that passage you comprehend to a nicety a man's first real doubt of his senses. While the subject of hallucination is under contemplation, you would do well to refresh your recollection of Scott's weird book on "Demonology and Witchcraft,"* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the maddest of Poe's wild tales. Although Hawthorne and Poe found a mine of wealth in Aristotle's apothegm—"Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ,"—the *ergo* of all arguments based upon such a premise is that, the more insane a man is, the greater are his prospects

* All these species of hallucination are now associated by Dr. Hammond under the head of Morbid Impulse. If a woman proclaims herself a witch, or if a man habitually gets out of bed over the foot-board (no matter how much easier or more convenient it may be), she and he are victims of morbid impulse. Very learned theory, that!

of fame. Certain it is that the more desperate your simulated madness, the surer are your chances of commitment. Indeed, that which was inspiration to the ancients (even as late as Plato's time) appears in the light of modern medical phraseology closely allied to madness.

Rest your mind by changing from one author to another, but never abandon the subject for an hour.

Keep your imagination excited, then, to the highest degree. Peruse the ghastliest tales at the ghostliest hours. Study, read, dream! A hasty review of Horace's well-known satire * will be profitable if you observe how the excited imagination of the speaker enables him to realize three hundred thousand casks of wine more readily than one thousand. If you believe in the Pythagorean theory you will meet in these pages the reality of the man who dwelt in Horace's fancy.

Watch your health with zealous care. Eat heartily, at regular hours, during your studies—if

* Book II., Satire iii., lines 111—121.

necessary to build up tissue, drink good English with your dinner—and walk out in the evening. Smoke no more than usual.

A week of this laborious task-work has passed. Remembering that an actor is not worthy to play a death-scene until he has looked upon a dying man, go in an afternoon to an adjoining city, county, and thoroughly examine so much of the interior of a mad-house as you are allowed to see, drawing from the keepers, by judicious fees, the character and treatment of the patients kept out of sight.

Under no circumstances—other than those which I shall hereafter state—do you make your enterprise a personal matter with the physicians. They are, as a rule, jolly fellows, who appreciate a laugh as much as any other class of professional men—even when at their own expense. You will observe that their hearts are filled with true sympathy at the moment in which they order you the ice-cream douch.

You are to begin the most important stage of training on the tenth day—and in this you can

the human mind can endure severe trials, un-
which the physical frame would be shattered f
ever.

Go ahead now; it is too late to draw back:
the consequences take care of themselves.

You have selected your immediate "suppor
you have rehearsed for four days and nights bef
a large mirror the various contortions of pain wh
your face is capable of simulating, the hour for
rising of the curtain has been agreed upon, :
now—one last suggestion!

If your employer has a friend who, having ki
a rival, is on trial for his life and dreads most
testimony of two physicians who first attended
wounded man, by all means let the privilege be
of selecting the brace of doctors who are to be
victims of the play. He certainly deserves sc
consideration at your hands for the complim
which he pays you in his choice for so difficul
"commission." Do not repeat my mistake
selecting two "experts" who utterly fail to ackn
ledge the service which I did them in gratuit
advertising.

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A MAD WORLD.

Book the First.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

I.

AN ECCENTRIC LODGER.

SITTING near an open window of my room at the Grand Llama, I saw the sun rise. Where I had taken my seat on the previous night, the daylight found me still.

The period of darkness had, indeed, been long ; for I neither lay down nor walked the floor, but doggedly sat in an uncomfortable, short-backed chair for eleven lagging hours. There I remained

awake, because my tired body longed for sleep (a paradox until one has studied "Insanity as a fine art"), in order that by pure stubbornness the will should prove superior to all instincts of nature. I did not smoke, because my appetite craved tobacco as a parched throat water. Self-will once supreme, yield all habits must.

I was engaged for a difficult piece of character-acting in an unwritten play, which for more than three weeks had gradually developed out of crude legal and medical facts. Wearying as was the task, while tossing about on the Gulf of Mexico and on the Atlantic off Cape Hatteras, I read book after book upon the ghastly subject of Insanity. The fortnight which succeeded my landing in New York was devoted to arduous study.

I shall take you into my confidence by degrees, and you may smile or sneer as suits your fancy.

Dreary as was the night it was industriously employed. I began at midnight my solitary diversion of summoning angry-visaged waiters from the office. I laugh even now at the doubtful success which attended my persistent orders for boiling

Borrowing Time

water. It staggered in water was must
that hot water was in hand from the 12
August night. Some forty men, I am told, were
waiters, so that by reason of the fact we
doubtless familiar with the sound of the
hoarse with calling. "Answer me!"
had the whole scene well in hand and the
bell-cord ceased to afford amusement to the
lengthened out.

It was the hour at which Mr. Dinsdale had
promised to call; it had come in the tower.

I heard his footsteps in the hall—he came—and
saw him enter, accompanied by the note clerk. He
rushed towards me, as it had been agreed upon, but
I forbade his greeting, and received his friendly
words with a cold, sarcastic sneer.

"Why didn't you send me word of your arrival?"
he began; but, turning to the clerk, who studied my
strange demeanour, Dinsdale continued, "He does not
remember me; he acts unlike himself. Has any-
thing happened to him?"

"This seems a strange intrusion, sirs. Is this

your room that you walk in without my ringing for you?"

"How he stares this morning!" said the clerk.

"Don't you know me?—Dinfor?" my colleague supplicated, returning to my side.

I rose and, with my glacé eyes fixed upon the intruder, in sullen silence paced the floor. Now I clasped my hands convulsively to my temples: at other times I slowly shook my head.

"His wits are gone"—from the clerk as he tapped his forehead.

"So it would appear: what should I do?" were the thoughtful words of sympathizing Dinfor.

"You ought to call a doctor."

"I'll go for one this instant," said Dinfor, as he followed the clerk out and, drawing the door after him, closed the scene.

I was far from satisfied. I felt that I must do better when the expected doctor came; and, stepping in front of the tall mirror of my dressing bureau, I resumed the daily practice before my own image in the glass, thus remarking,—

"This morning I had that scowl of ghastly

vacancy all right. Elevate the eyelids to their utmost extent—so. Contract the forehead—that's better. Look through, beyond the glass, instead of at it. Simple enough. By 'willing' to do so, concentrate your thoughts upon any object which your 'mind's eye' pictures beyond: then you do look through the first object, and give the very expression to your eyes caused by beholding the second—nothing easier. Suppose it's a chair in an adjoining room you wish to see—a hypothetical chair. Do you doubt that *I* see it, in its brown upholstery—changeable as the various shades of daylight fall upon it—its carved arms; its high back; its broken castor? Do you not observe that a button is off the cushion—and, by heavens! that the stuff is cotton instead of silk velvet?"

Than this I said no more on that occasion; but, now that I have made much practical use of the idea embodied in those words, I'll expand it even further.

Suppose, again, your eyes are to speak the language of fear. Think of a tiger—a hungry

Bengal tiger—not a savage mortal, who may possibly kill you, but a beast who is sure to devour you. Put him in his native jungle—it's just as easy—and put yourself beside him. Grant the animal every advantage which Nature has given him, and realize that you are destitute of every defence which civilization has given man. He is looking *tiger* at you from his great, round, yellow eyes: you are staring *craven* at him from the glacé orbs of your fear-shrunken humanity. The tiger takes it cool enough, but you're playing the leading rôle in a ghastly tragedy—and, as far as you are concerned, your acting is as spontaneous as genius.

I lacked slightly in confidence, but otherwise I was in good shape. The training had been as severe and practical as if preparatory to taking my seat as a "Varsity" oar.

"Mehercule! how I'd like to lie down!" escaped my lips as I began to practise the symptoms for the hundredth time. Each of these was called for in the language of the text-books, serving in the capacity of my own tutor, and given again and

again in my rôle of pupil. "The ghastly stare"—I had it to a nicety. "Spasmodic rising from a sitting posture,"—easily done; "with nervous clasping of the hands to the temples,"—properly executed. Thus the patient tutorship continued.

It had been decided that I should pretend to recognize the doctor and continue to ignore Dinfor. I heard coming footsteps with some anxiety, and, as the door swung open, saw upon the threshold my colleague and a medical gentleman. The physician cast his eyes about the apartment, and instantly whispered,—“This looks bad; hasn’t slept in his bed.”

“No,” breathed Dinfor. “He has evidently sat at that open window all night.”

The moment had come to break the egg. I suddenly confronted the stranger and seized his hand meanwhile keeping Dinfor under suspicious surveillance with my eyes.

“Why, Sampson, I’m glad to meet you!” I exclaimed. “You’re the kind of a fellow for me. Give me your hand. But who’s your companion? Still, no matter. How’s Delilah and the baby,

Sampson—the baby especially? I must congratulate—congratulate you.”

I suddenly forgot what I was talking about, and, turning away from the gentleman, who now made his bow (whom Dinfor doubtless would have introduced) as Dr. Dromio Johnson, glided to the other end of the room. This was a pronounced symptom in the physician’s opinion. I wanted to give Dinfor a chance to make capital out of the raw suspicions just developed. The two began to compare ideas.

DOCTOR.—Strange; but it’s the way they all act. What’s his name?

DINFOR.—Felix Somers.

DOCTOR.—What do you know of him during the past few weeks?

DINFOR.—I know very little. He has been traveling in the Southern States; here is a letter from New Orleans, dated the 10th of this month, saying that he had been ill. He arrived on the steamer “George Cromwell” nearly two weeks ago, as I have ascertained, and instead of going to the house of his uncle, or calling on any of his friends, he

friend. do you say?

DIXON [*sadly*].—Yes. ~~we know each other~~
ng.

DOCTOR.—Yet he believe the ~~the~~
me—an utter stranger—some ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
now.

But, he may be drugged. He must have some-
thing to rouse him up: rum and other strong
peppermint. That'll bring him round: he's
been drunk or drugged.

A boy soon brought the strange wine: the
physician divided into equal parts—offering
as coaxingly to me, and keeping the other for
myself.

out of the window. The doctor followed with eyes the spinning spheroid in its flight, and saw successively descend through a small conservatory and aquarium, and finally crash through the light of the billiard-room, two stories below. He then drank his brandy in silence, and, as he smacked his lips, quietly remarked,—

“I was mistaken. He must be mad, or I never have thrown away that brandy.”

DINFOR.—What shall I do?

DOCTOR.—His mind is disordered. Summon his uncle at once. It will be unsafe to leave him alone in this room. You must get him a nurse. Send me I give you a list of competent persons?

DINFOR.—Certainly. I'll ring for a servant, and send after one. I can remain with Felix until he comes.

DOCTOR.—That would be safest. I must hurry home to make a professional call; I cannot be absent for three hours. Do you think you can take care of him?

DINFOR.—Oh, yes; I hope so. I shall immediately summon his uncle.

DOCTOR.—Talk to him as little as possible.

DINFOR [*to hall-boy who enters*].—Signal for a commissionaire, and send him here at once. Don't be slow. How long will it take?

BOY [*as he vanishes*].—Half a minute, sir.

DOCTOR.—You had better try this nurse in Fortieth Street. He's a thoroughly competent man: strong enough, too—no small item in a nurse for one of these cases.

DINFOR.—I want a careful man.

DOCTOR.—This one is thoroughly experienced: he has served many years in the city hospital. Any doctor would rely upon the opinion of such a nurse.

DINFOR.—He shall be engaged, if possible.

DOCTOR.—It is now one o'clock: I shall be back at half-past four.

I wonder what your friend sees on that wall to stare at? Curious case!

DINFOR.—Very.

The door had no sooner closed upon the physician than my colleague turned to me and asked in sober earnest, "Felix, what *were* you looking at?" I laughed at his seriousness, told him I had simply

selected an old nail-hole in the plastering a focal point of my vision, and had kept it in for fear it might disappear. I then explained the simple trick of "the ghastly stare," and made it easy to him as looking into the eyes of his model. I was thinking of the success which had attended my first real impersonation of the rôle of a madman when a knock was heard at the door. The commissioner entered the room as Dinfor opened the oak door.

"My man," said Dinfor, "I want you to go to 141, East Fortieth Street, and engage the man whose name is on this card. It's only a short time. I'll pay you for two hours' time, so don't fail to find your man. Tell him he must come here or send somebody, at five o'clock—don't have him come before. Here's an extra shilling for you. Remember that he is not to be here before five o'clock."

The commissioner departed. Dinfor drew his chair alongside mine, and took a light from the cigar which I had just fired. The scene of conversation continued.

CHAPTER IV

FELIX [opening the door]—I have just received this card from Mr. Foster. He says he has a telegram which will be of great importance to Mr. Foster.

DINFOR [looking at the card]—This is a card from Mr. Foster. He says he has a telegram which will be of great importance to Mr. Foster. He says he has a telegram which will be of great importance to Mr. Foster.

FELIX.—Will he be home? [DINFOR looks at the card.]
DINFOR [opening the door]—I have just received this card from Mr. Foster. He says he has a telegram which will be of great importance to Mr. Foster. He says he has a telegram which will be of great importance to Mr. Foster.

Boy.—Yes, sir.
DINFOR.—Then pay for the message and the bill, and keep the rest. Now go. [The boy goes.]
[DINFOR resumes.] Oh, yes, Mr. Foster will be home.

FELIX.—I hope so. In view of the fact that I have not eaten anything since six o'clock last evening, I think my "lunch" will be rather more substantial.

DINFOR.—Be more serious, old fellow. The difficult part of your work is yet before you.

FELIX.—Do you refer to the eating of the sabbath breads, or the drinking of the champagne?

DINFOR [*seriously*].—No; your night with nurse.

FELIX.—Bad enough to think of when it comes. Now for that lunch; come, we can get out by the ladies' stairway—on which Whiskerando was seen, you remember.

* * * * *

The exacting critic who insists upon absolute accuracy in a narrative may occupy a vivid imagination during this interval of time with a street-scene in which the commissionaire engages the nurse at the door of his house: but it will be found that the nurse was engaged, all the same. For my part, while dictating these pages, I live the scenes over again, and so strong is my recollection that I find myself as hungry as on that day, and I insist upon going to lunch just as Dinfor announced he did. I dine at—but it's money in my pocket I keep this to myself.

II.

AFTERNOON.

We returned to my room, two hours later, accompanied by Mr. Foster, who had joined us. This was his first appearance as Uncle.

"So you call that a lunch, do you?" said Dinfor, laughing; doubtless thinking of the amount of soup, fish, and roast, which I—on starvation fare for the two preceding days—had eaten.

"Yes," I answered. "A very comfortable meal."

"We shall not have long to wait for the doctor," remarked Mr. Foster, looking at his watch. "He is due now, is he not?"

"Yes," I replied. "He is to make the next *entrée*—unless the messenger is too active and finds his man too soon. In that event we shall have the *sursum* on our hands and must 'guy' the *performance*

until the doctor arrives. That would be stupid: Dinfor, you must look out for this. The nurse arrives first, you must waylay him in the hall and keep him out of sight. But here comes some one. I must have a relapse."

The physician knocked and was admitted. Dinfor promptly stepped forward and introduced the strangers, after which he discreetly moved to avoid questioning. The scene will bear "setting up."

DINFOR.—Mr. Foster, allow me to present Dr. Dromio Johnson.

DOCTOR.—Glad to make your acquaintance.

UNCLE.—I may say the same, surely: but do you think of the case?

DOCTOR.—Most sad. I confess that I do not altogether understand the symptoms; however, I haven't yet had time to carefully observe the patient.

UNCLE.—His actions are certainly peculiar.

DOCTOR.—How long has he been walking aimlessly about the room?

UNCLE.—I have just come in.

DOCTOR.—Has he been coughing in that hacking manner for any length of time ?

DINFOR.—No, sir ; not long.

DOCTOR [*to the Uncle*].—That phase of the disease has developed since I saw him. He has evidently grown worse. Listen ! he talks to himself.

FELIX [*in a low voice*].—This room is filled with dust [*shuddering*] : how it chokes me—

DOCTOR [*aside to the Uncle and Dinfor*].—You observe that he now avoids me, although he greeted me warmly before. This very fact shows that he has a vague recollection of my face, and, as a consequence, suspects me of conspiracy.

FELIX [*continuing*].—If it were not for these rascals, I'd open the shutters — I must have air.

DOCTOR.—They all think themselves the victims of a conspiracy.

FELIX [*continuing*].—What are these pains ? [*the temples symptom.*] Doomed to die in this dismal, dusty den—

DOCTOR [*approaching Felix*].—Where have you been since you left the South ?

FELIX [*with the stare vacuitous*].—The South ?

DOCTOR.—What did you want to do after you home ?

FELIX [*with the stare of alarm*].—The South !

DOCTOR [*feeling patient's pulse*].—Beating v high. His case presents all the visible symptom mental aberration. The mention of the Sc evidently awakens some unpleasant association. was ill there, you say ?

UNCLE.—We have hesitated to talk about illness until you had formed your own opinion the case.

DINFOR.—We were loth to realize the calam which might have happened to him, a northern and unacclimated, in New Orleans.

DOCTOR.—Exactly !

UNCLE.—The sun's heat there in July must intolerable.

DINFOR.—This has suggested the idea to me t he might have been sun-struck, and, upon recovery—naturally enough timid about confess that it had affected his mind—may have spoken his illness in a general way.

DOCTOR.—This explains the whole case to my mind.

DINFOR.—But we have no facts to sustain such a theory.

UNCLE.—Absolutely none whatever.

DOCTOR [*nodding his head towards Felix*].—There is the very best of evidence to a physician's mind. See him trying to brush the imaginary particles of dust out of the air in front of him. A brain attack of this nature affects the eyes and the throat strangely. I must give him something to ease the racking pain in his head.

Have you secured a nurse ?

DINFOR.—Yes, and expect him momentarily.

UNCLE.—What is your advice ?

DOCTOR.—Have your nephew carefully watched during the night, and if he becomes, and continues, violent, it would be best to send him to an asylum.

UNCLE.—I must exercise a discretionary care over the young man. It is a serious matter to declare a man insane and to lock him up among madmen : too great care cannot be observed.

Dinfor will insist that his colleague, the Uncle,

went outside of his instructions at this point, was determined to do justice to the doctor, as to my personation of the rôle. Dinfor did not entertain any such feelings, however, and intended to

DINFOR.—What institution would you recommend?

DOCTOR.—The best place I could suggest is Doctor Baldric's.

DINFOR [*aside*].—Doctor Baldric's!—an institution suggests it himself! Godfrey's cordial, what a chance!

DOCTOR.—He had better be moved to a private room.

DINFOR.—I shall go and see to it at once. [*Exit*].

UNCLE.—I am ready to pay a liberal price for his keeping, doctor; and I want him to go to a private asylum.

DOCTOR.—It is for its quietness that I do specially recommend Doctor Baldric's.

"I have engaged a suite of rooms in another part of the house," said Dinfor, re-entering the room after a few minutes' absence.

"Have your nephew moved to there at once, and put the nurse in charge," suggested the doctor to the uncle, professionally.

"You will call frequently and watch the case?" was the relative's anxious inquiry.

"Certainly: I shall return about midnight." Then, approaching my bedside, he said, "Good bye;" but I continued to examine a round spot which I had discovered on the ceiling. The doctor bowed himself out.

"Completely taken in," said Dinfor, laughing.

"Yes; I think he is," remarked the uncle.

"Now, Mr. Foster, you can return to the bosom of your family for the night," said I, turning to my elder friend. At that moment a knock was heard. "Dinfor, there's the nurse! Have him carry my baggage to the new room, and keep him there until I finish this smoke, in which I have been so often interrupted. Come back after me yourself. A very mild relapse will do for this fellow; don't you think so?" I concluded, as I hid my cigar.

The open door disclosed a stranger, evidently of Hibernian origin. Dinfor addressed him,—

"Mr. McFinn, I suppose?"

"Yis, s'r; at your sarvice."

"My friend here appears to be very sick, and shall want you to sit up with him to-night," said Dinfor.

I turned instantly in my chair, and scowled in my wickedest fashion at the nurse.

"Och, I see: wrong in his head!" the applicator exclaimed.

"So the doctor seems to think," admitted Dinfor. "After he gets quieter, I want him moved to a room in another wing of the hotel."

"Can he walk?"

"Oh, yes; I'll take him over myself," continued Dinfor. At that moment, seeing a hall-boy pass by the door, he called, "Here, boy, show us the way to No. 102, and bring this baggage along."

The three passed out—Dinfor, the nurse, and the applicator.

"I am deeply grateful to you, Mr. Foster (do not smoke, if I remember)," was my remark as I relit my *flor del fumar*. "You are the 'squares' uncle I have ever known. Now, do let me keep you; Dinfor will come back alone."

Borrowing, I told.

GOOD NIGHT. FEAR YOU ARE IN THE WAY
OF AS WE SHOULD BEING.

THANKS. MY BEST TO YOUR MOTHER
TOMORROW.

AS I SAW MY MOTHER COMING. SHE
WAS A VERY OLD LADY. WE
AFTERNOON. SHE WAS DRESSED IN
A DOWNY LADY.

III.

TWILIGHT.

"Do you understand the care of disorders of this kind?" asked Dinfor, when he and the nurse had reached the new suite of rooms.

"Yis, sur; I have been implored for pasht twinty years among such cashes."

"I am glad that you are familiar with brain diseases, because—if you carefully observe your patient's symptoms—you will be able to assist the physicians in arriving at correct conclusions," suggested Dinfor.

"Is he very viilint?" asked McFinn, with evident concern.

"Not very."

"Is there fear for meself?" the strong man implored, more anxiously.

"No; I should think a man of your size and

Borrowing Trouble

77

perience safe enough." ~~answered~~ *Impty* ~~and~~
marking "I'll go after the ~~money~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~
m.

The nurse listened until the sound of *Impty's*
parting footsteps died away. Then he ~~is~~ ~~the~~
sport himself, alone:—

NURSE.—I don't much like the ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ ~~him~~
that's a poor felix to me.

How lucky—the ~~key~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~hand~~

I always look over the ~~door~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~if~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~there~~
re this *[opens satchel]* to see the ~~best~~ ~~of~~
shures, pistons, or ~~other~~ ~~convenient~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~
shint to lay his hands on *[opens satchel]*
inting stuff! Well, that's no ~~dangerous~~ ~~and~~
w. *[Performs his handkerchief.]*

Cigars; he ~~has~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~box~~ *[Takes one]*
ket.] Does he ~~know~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~his~~ ~~box~~
rrey a little "ping." *[Snatches.]*

What! ~~at~~ ~~this~~ ~~box~~ *[Takes a traveling*
sk.] Impty—~~that~~ ~~doesn't~~ ~~enjoy~~ ~~much~~ ~~for~~
tashte.

Nickties—lots of ~~them~~, ~~but~~ ~~sure~~, ~~that~~, ~~he~~
esn't want so many, poor sick young man!

Somebody must 'ave shaved him: I don't see anything liike a raszhure.

Happy-go-lucky! what a "shlew" of collars! Would they fit me, I wondher? Bad luck to 't—they're all too shmall!

Has another nurse had him, I don't know? Thin, I'm thinkin', there's no looshe perquishites for me in his clothes. I musht find out immajitly, to make me mind asy.

And his name? Ah, it's on the bag. "Falix!" Mother of Moses, what a quare name! "Falix Somers"—well, that bangs Banagher, and Banagher bates the devil.

Hisht! I hear somebody comin'. [*Shuts the satchel*].

Wondher if there's anythin' dangerous in the dhrawers? The lasht lodger moight 'ave left a revolver, or—a bottle of gin behint him.

Supported on the arm of Dinfor, I entered the apartments to find the nurse rummaging the chest of drawers. Wishing to say a few farewell words to me, my colleague despatched the man to the

former room in search of a coat which had been purposely left behind.

"Now, old fellow, you are to 'go it alone' until ten to-morrow morning," said Dinfor.

"I am sorry to have you leave," was my answer, as I inspected the apartments; "but I'll get some satisfaction for the loss of your company out of this man before morning. Isn't he a giant?"

I couldn't resist looking the nurse all over as he returned and laid the missing garment upon the bed. He was a man of forty-five years, above the medium height and heavy set; with the exception of a slight lameness in the right leg—the personification of bodily strength. A neck of unusual thickness supported a large head on brawny shoulders; a pair of small, restless, blue eyes protruded from under his forehead, and a shaggy mass of iron-grey hair gave decisive caste to a broad, expressionless face.*

* I may say, in conclusion, that this historical nurse can be found at his home almost any day, and for those who contemplate an escapade of this kind he is the best man who could possibly be selected. A contemporary journal obtained

"I have ordered your supper to be served in the room," Dinfor explained to the nurse, as a waiter entered with dishes on a tray. "My friend, poor fellow, will not eat anything. I must hurry home now; take good care of your patient, and I shall see that you are well paid. The doctor will call again to-night."

The waiter followed Dinfor out, and the nurse became my guardian.

It was a strange situation in which to find one's self—locked up with a cranky old nurse, who might prove to be crazy himself.

"Sorry you don't ate nothin', Falix—och! excuse me, Mishter Somers," said the nurse, as he devoured his supper. "This beef-shtake is of the besht; and as for thim chops, they look illegant intirely," he concluded, touching them with his knife.

I sat near a window at the opposite side of the room, watching my man.

The imperturbation with which on that occasion

a curious narrative from McFinn by sending a reporter to "interview" him after the true nature of the case became known.

the nurse appeared to recognize the possibilities and the inevitabilities of the situation was a guarantee that he was not a novice in the sick-room. I experienced my first real doubt of final success as I surveyed my keeper, and recognized the fact that it depended upon thoroughly frightening and conquering this man. Apparently, every emergency was provided against. The windows were open, but the shutters were tied together with strong cords; the door was locked, and the nurse carried the key. I gradually turned my head away from the man, as if ignorant of his presence, and thus remained until my companion had concluded his supper.

My guardian then approached, took hold of me, and led me into the adjoining room, where I undressed. I was then put to bed, submitting passively. Neither of us uttered a word. A boy entered, and as he removed the fragments of the meal, ~~gazed~~ sympathetically at the Sufferer, whom he doubtless remembered kindly because of numerous fees. The gas was lowered to a sick-room ~~gauge~~—making the apartments look weird and ghostly—and the nurse seated himself at the bed-side to smoke out of

his patient's cigars. Such was the scene at eleven o'clock.

I lay, staring at the ceiling—resting after the labours of the day, and as a preparation for the toils of the night.

CHAPTER

I THOUGHT SOME OF THE OTHERS WERE IN

A BETTER SITUATION—

"WHERE ARE YOU? THE OTHERS ARE NOT

AT THE HOUSE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—THEY ARE

SOMEWHERE ELSE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—

"OH, DON'T WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT THEM—

THEY WILL BE HERE AGAIN—

"WILL THEY? I DON'T KNOW—THEY ARE NOT

HERE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—THEY ARE NOT

HERE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—THEY ARE NOT

FRANK—Really? I don't know—THEY ARE NOT

HERE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—THEY ARE NOT

HERE—THEY ARE NOT HERE—THEY ARE NOT

STELLA—Indeed, I am not—THEY ARE NOT

FRANK—I don't remember that name—THEY ARE NOT

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

NURSE.—John McFinn. Be as asy you kin—

FELIX.—Now it all comes back to me. How do you dare to show your face to me—John McFinn, indeed? Shaved your cheeks, coloured your red hair; thought I had forgotten you—forgotten Barney, Barney McShane! Ha! ha! never—never!

NURSE [*annoyed*].—Be quiet now! Thin, ye's have seen me before?

FELIX.—Ah, Barney: when my father first employed you, who could have believed that you would come to so dreadful an end?

NURSE [*anxious to be agreeable*].—And did I disremember you at first? Confusion to me soul—but you 'ave changed since. [*Pretending that he remembers.*] Your father was a dacint gintleman—

I saw no way of frightening the man until he was thoroughly irritated and vexed. Now to touch the nurse's pride, for he was evidently invulnerable to insult. I continued, without appearing to notice the nurse's remark.

FELIX.—What became of you after my “dacint father,” as you call him, saved your worthless carcass from the workhouse? Do you hesitate? Tell

me—you of the shaved face, you of the dyed hair—

NURSE.—Tut, tut, tut ! none o' that, now. Do quiet yerself. [*Prepares a soothing draught.*] Take this fine medicine.

FELIX [*absently*].—Am I losing the drift of the conversation ? It's Barney ; I never forget. Let me see. I was thinking what an elegant meat pie a hippopotamus would make where monkeys are entertaining company, and the temperature of a pound of ice culminates properly in the coefficient of expansion ; it will then, O men of Athens ! be the duty of the Proedros to descend from the rostrum ; and when he has driven out over the shell road to Pontchatrain, let him bet on the ace when it's in the call of the three last cards. [*Drowsily.*]

Barney ! [*The bewildered man is silent.*]

O yes, Barney.

NURSE [*aside*].—Thank God, the poor *omadhaun* is goin' to shla-pe.

Barney, humph, indade !

FELIX.—Tell me ! [*As if in a dream.*]

NURSE [*aside*].—Let him peg away.

During the slow development of the prec I had gradually gathered my feet up under m at that instant, without the slightest warnin one tremendous effort I sprang from a rec posture over the foot-board into the middle floor—taking sheets and counterpane with shrieking in mid-air the name of

“Barney!”

“I’m here. Fwhwat—will—ye—have?” w instantaneous response.

Pale and quivering, this strong man—knc from his twenty years’ experience, the demo strength of a maniac—grasped me firmly b arm, and, after his first exclamation, volunt nothing further. This tableau continued for minute, when, in an absent-minded way, plained,—

“I merely wanted a drink of water.”

“Ye can hev it, Mishter; I’d do anythin ye.”

The man’s familiarity of manner had disapp He dropped into his place as Nurse, and has to attend to his Patient’s slightest want.

nurse, throwing off the stupor which had overpowered his senses.

- A gaping crowd of half-dressed guests, cle porters, and boys, followed Doctor Johnson into apartments. Several ladies, whose curiosity had kept them awake and dressed, slowly came upon the scene.

I confess that the situation was worse than expected—and its extreme ludicrousness made necessary for me to turn upon my face and take a large bite of the pillow in my teeth to smother the furious fit of laughter. The scene that followed was worth seeing.

NURSE.—Look at him ! he's in convulsions.

[*Tramping about the room.*] I must have another man. I'll not be left a mortal moment alone with him.

[*To the doctor.*] My life isn't safe at-all-at-

[*To himself.*] I wish I was out o' this; holy Mother !

[*To the guests.*] Look where he struck me ! my arms ; I'm all black and blue with him.

[*To the hotel clerk.*] You're the boss ? I want assistance.

his shirt-sleeves, addressing the panting and excited nurse. "He is perfectly quiet now, and, were he ever so violent, a person of your size ought to be able to manage him."

"'Tain't any use of ye talkin' to me: I must hev some wan wud me," retorted the man addressed.

"Wet a towel in ice water, and lay it on his head," commanded the doctor, when I at last found courage to turn over upon my back.

"It'll do no good, sur."

"I didn't ask your advice: do it!"

"Yis, sur," was the meek rejoinder.

Having remained motionless for a few moments, I snatched the obnoxious towel, and struck the nurse full in the face with it, causing him great surprise.

"Has he taken the medicine I left?" inquired the physician, sorely perplexed.

"No, sur; he won't hev it," replied his coadjutor.

"Offer him some now."

"He'll soon show yer that I tell the truth," muttered the nurse, as he prepared a dose of

There was no need of wasting brain-tissue on the porter: the doctor had no sooner gone than I prepared to enjoy a rest. Turning to the nurse, I said, "Give me one of my cigars from your pocket, and a light."

"Yis, sur; I—will," was the confused rejoinder.

I propped myself up in bed and smoked. The porter took a seat at one of the windows; the manly courage of the nurse returned, and a show of quiet prevailed in the hotel. The door was left slightly ajar, and the nurse stationed himself beside it, either as a guard, or that he might escape into the hall in case of danger—leaving the porter to the mercy of the Madman.

The coming of the medical student created a new and unforeseen obstacle, and the difficulty of deceiving him was instantly recognized. After his arrival—to anticipate slightly—I remained perfectly quiet for half an hour, studying the face of the nascent doctor, and determining upon a plan of action. At the end of that time I renewed the entertainment according to programme—trusting only slightly to accident.

rowing commenced. "I think I'll better
dismissed him with a few more words. I'll
do."

"Take care that you are not too late
morning," urged the doctor as he went on
smoking in the hall.

An interval of half an hour passed,
which, having finished my smoke, I spent as
own.

The scene was suddenly changed by my arrival
in bed. As before, everything was in confusion
was at Jerome Park, or on lower town.

Fritz—What's her time? At 10:15—
by 2:19! A heart for each horse; the "Joke"
will win the race. I'll win the race.

[*To himself.*] Guess I'll go down to the stable and look at her. [*Gets out of bed, starts off blindly, and runs abruptly into the arms of the Student.*] Excuse me, sir; I was in a hurry, and did not see you.

STUDENT.—You don't want to go down there.

FELIX [*vehemently*].—Yes I do! [*With hesitancy.*] Don't I? [*Politely.*] Are you of the Committee? [*Nervously.*] Are the horses coming?

STUDENT.—The horses have started.

FELIX [*slowly to himself*].—Too late again: I'm always too late. [*Detects a spot on the wall.*]

STUDENT.—Come, let's go now.

FELIX.—Go? Where?

STUDENT.—Why—why—to bed, I suppose.

FELIX.—All right.

[*Felix, in bed, pretends to sleep.*]

STUDENT [*to nurse*].—Why, it's after three o'clock! Aren't there some cigars about?

NURSE [*buttons up his coat*].—No, sur; I haven't any.

[*The roar of a passing fire-engine (on Broadway) is heard without.*]

Barren: The

FELIX [*sits up*]—*What a day!*
I was to take '—

STUDENT [*with a sigh*]—*What a day!*

FELIX [*resignedly*]—*What a day!*

NURSE [*aside*]—*What a day!*
boat: thinks it something of a day.

As him, would it be a day?—*What a day!*
spoon? I'll be a day—*What a day!*

STUDENT—*What a day!*

[*A loud rumble in the street.*]

FELIX [*sits up*]—*What a day!*
but [*sadly*]—*What a day!*

[*A loud rumble in the street.*]

STUDENT—*What a day!*

FELIX [*weakly*]—*What a day!*

NURSE—Here ye are.

FELIX [*tastes it*]—*What a day!*
day. Sometimes I think it's a day—*What a day!*
of those occasions. I've a notion to throw it in
your face. You know what I want hot water as
well as anybody, you wouldn't? [*A heavy wagon*
rumbles along the street.] What? Still another

steamboat? That's very strange. An eternity in the Land of Dustmen! It's everywhere. I breathe it—choke with it—can't escape it. Oh, what wouldn't I give for one hour in the pure air! [*Quickly.*] I think I'll go out and try it. [*Nurse springs to the door.*] No, thanks; you need not open it. I've changed my mind.

STUDENT [*to Nurse*].—Just let him alone and he will walk for an hour yet: I must go down stairs to get a cup of tea. It's after five o'clock! I'll soon return. [*Goes out.*]

NURSE [*aside*].—I'll kape me ould shtand at the dure. [*Sits down: door ajar.*]

FELIX [*stops walking*].—I never was so watched. [*A waggon rattles along the street.*] That's the steamboat for me; I'll go at once.

I rushed wildly towards the nurse, who glided into the hall, closing the door after him: fainter and fainter, as the distance increased, grew his screams: "Watch!!!! Watch!!! Watch!! Watch!"

This was the end. I went to bed for the rest of the night with calm confidence in the efficacy of that scoundrel's screams. "If the doctors will not

send me to Baldrick's of their own choice, the proprietor of this hotel can afford to pay them liberally for doing so," thought I.

The night-clerk of the hotel and the medical student hurried upstairs and entered the room, followed by my nurse. The dangerous "Pashint" was discovered quietly staring at the ceiling.

"You're a coward," ejaculated the thoroughly incensed clerk, addressing McFinn. "He's as quiet as a child. All this row for nothing!" Turning to the student he continued, "Don't you leave this nurse alone again, or he'll have the house in the hands of the police."

Daylight came at last. A boy responded to the bell, breakfast was served, and the Patient ate heartily. The hotel corridors echoed with the footsteps of guests *en route* to the breakfast-room, and I must do human nature the justice to say that several rapped to ask,—

"How does the young man come on?"

V.

MORNING.

"Good morning, doctor," said the medical student, rising to greet his employer as he entered.

"We are glad enough to see you come."

"How did the Patient pass the night?" inquired Doctor Johnson.

"Very badly—no rest at all," replied the young leech. "With your permission I'll now go home and sleep." And he vanished for ever from my sight.

"An uncommon bad night; but I managed him be kindness, strength, and strategy—wud firmness," added the nurse.

"I hope you weren't rough with him."

"Och, no indade. I hurt the poor young gentleman? shtrike him? Surely yez don't mane it?"

"What do you think of the case, Mr. McFinn?"

"Roarin', ragin' crazy, sur; there's no other way of ixplainashun."

"His pulse is not so rapid now," mused the physician, as he fingered my wrist.

"Augh; shure, for he's tiard out."

"I'll visit another patient on the next floor," said the doctor. "I shall soon return."

The physician's departure was soon succeeded by the entrance of Dinfor. Pleasing was the sight of his face to me that morning!

"How's your Patient, Mr. McFinn?" he inquired, exchanging glances with me.

"Worse, worse; a thousant 'oimes worse," the nurse replied with agonizing energy.

DINFOR.—Was he violent?

NURSE.—Viilint, is it? There's thin that we have rayshun sometimes; but this Faliz, be name Patdrick, was beyont all contrhol, he was. His a crazy crathur, mishter,—if there iver was war. He got out of bed fashter than a shtrong man, even a mesilf, could put him in it again. His eyes waz most terribul, and his rage was awful to see. He punched at me; he bate me; he even thried to

choke me: bad luck to him, he axed me might he lape out of a windy—as if I'd let him! The way he abushed me was enough, so it was, to make any man forget his pious raisin'. [*Displays imaginary bruises.*]

DINFOR.—A very troublesome patient, I have no doubt.

NURSE.—I'd rither 'tind a cashe of the black shmall-pox.

To amuse Dinfor, I indulged in a relapse—introducing the “struggle for freedom.” It is needless to say that the nurse was rather more courageous than on previous occasions, and that “the patient” was pacified with less difficulty. As for wretched Dinfor, he suddenly found something remarkably attractive in the adjoining room, and remained there for more than a minute. When he reappeared there were traces of tears in his eyes, and a nervous uncertainty about his usually firm mouth.

“Why, Mr. Dinfor, I am glad to see you,” said Doctor Johnson, as he re-entered the room.

“Can you give me any encouragement?” asked the Patient's friend.

"None."

"He passed a wretched night, I am sure."

"Miserable. No doubt how remarkable is the nature of the attack."

"Will you, then, as soon as possible, render the services of a colleague, merely to comply with the law, for your judgment seems to be exactly what is required, in order that my friend may be placed under treatment at some institution where a cure may be effected?"

"Yes, I think it would be best. The gentleman has evidently taken a violent turn, and he is ill, and should not remain under such circumstances all night."

"I would wish, then, if possible, to avoid the necessity of keeping him longer a patient, and to place this nurse's charge. Can it be arranged?"

"Certainly; I shall send for Dr. Dinfor at once," returned the physician, as he rang the bell.

A servant was despatched immediately with a note written on the back of the medical man's card.

"Is your colleague an expert in dealing with cases?" queried Dinfor.

"Yes; he makes insanity his special study," was the rejoinder.

"Cheer up, old fellow, you're all right now," said Dinfor, with a look of much sympathy. "While the consultation takes place, doctor, I'll go after the young man's uncle."

I was face to face with the medical tests and alone with strangers to my scheme.

The coming of the expert in lunacy was momentarily expected, and not without great anxiety, for, if my deception failed me, "the game was up." I lay thinking earnestly, not less of my prospects than of this yet unseen personage, who "was down for" a part much more interesting to me than he could have even guessed. "Will he play the rôle to the utmost limit of its worth?" I wondered; "or will he hurry through his lines in a mechanical, super-like fashion?" In my mind's eye there was a picture of a venerable personage of portly mien—bald as to his head. I indulged in much speculation regarding his methods and his actions. After making his *entrée* he would carefully adjust his spectacles, and, with some talk about the weather or the next elec-

guard before I spoke by exclaiming at the bedside, "*What a ghastly face!*" This ejaculation, we had reasoned, would have been very near the truth, and therefore unlikely to have attracted attention. But Dinfor had strangely gone away, and, alone with two physicians—one an "expert"—I had before me a hard piece of work. My pulse was under perfect control, but I was very anxious, and wished the examination over.

Imagine my surprise and relief, in the midst of these worrying thoughts, as I saw enter the room, not an aged, deliberate practitioner, but a tall, nervous man of thirty-five.

With all the dash of a young physician, he laid aside his hat and precipitately devoted himself to my case.

I affected to take no notice of his entrance, concentrating my whole energies on maintaining a strong pulse. I knew perfectly well how the two doctors would begin. "First, the pulse," I self-communed; "then they will want to see my tongue, and see it they shall, for if it were not sufficiently 'coated' previously, the piece of honey-soap which

I have just chewed up will fix it. But, after that—
what?”

“A case of brain disorder,” said my physician in a low voice, as he welcomed his colleague. “I have sent for you to obtain your opinion.”

“The symptoms of nervous excitement, are they pronounced?” asked Doctor Baker, the “expert.”

“Clearly marked,” replied his comrade, as they approached my bed-side.

“He looks very feverish. How do you feel, young man?” politely queried the Expert.

I regretted much that duty compelled me to stare him in the face so unkindly.

“He has been comparatively passive for the past few minutes,” explained Johnson.

“I make fifty pulsations in the first half-minute, and sixty in the second?” quietly remarked the “expert” Baker.

“That quite agrees with my observations; from 110 to 120 pulsations per minute,” answered my doctor.

“Very high. How’s his tongue? Let me see into your mouth, young man?” urged the Expert

finally addressing me. "As I feared, coated with froth. A very serious case indeed."

The examination was ended, and the two wise men retired to seats in another part of the room. The Expert turned to Mr. McFinn, and asked an opinion of the case, and an account of the Patient's conduct. But I must allow that worthy gentleman to reply in his own way.

EXPERT [*turns to Nurse*].—Tell me about the past night.

NURSE.—Is it the noight, ye mane? Yis, of coorse; but it's mesilf that couldn't till whither it was noight or day; fer sure it was a shquare month of Bedlam. The poor boy was a laygion in hissilf, and all iv thim divils. It's mesilf that had soothered him, and was watching him as he lay paccable liike, whin of a suddint his two eyes flew open, and it made me legs wake to see the green glare. Thin he looked dazed liike; shivered and gathered himsel' in a hape, wud his hands before his eyes as if he saw a ghosht: thin cowered and begged. But he's not the first wan I've seen, so I shpoke and acted that I composed him. Soon

~~SECRET~~

n, I saw his fingers and his head
with some power and just the same
the ground was under his feet and he
same of the weather. It was a
when he looked at the ground and his
head and he looked at the ground and
k as he felt the ground. He looked
ill, and what all his hands were
tched in front of him as he looked
ands; then he looked at the ground
ilts, showing his head and his
s on his head. He looked at the
soul had been through the ground
ckward to the ground. He looked
orse I took about a look. He looked
all, only feeling that the ground was
ok me by the throat and he looked
tin' me clear the face. He looked
ckle we had his teeth and he looked
e, calm and sincere as I was a
ntince. He saw I was determined and
ms grew limp, his eyes changed and he
lion when the menagerie man looked at him

So he let go of me. I gave him wather, and wetted his head, but he only shivered and sighed, laughed ghastly, and sung drinkin' songs. I knowed it was besht to humor him, so I let him go on. Again, he cried "Murther" in a voice so shtrange and odd, that one outside would have belaved it was me as soon as him; thin he wint into convulshuns. His arms and legs, sur, cramped as the shkin would crack acrase his joints, and whin his blows fell on me body, it was as I was flailed wud crow-bars. I could 'ave managed him, sur, and niver a fear for mesilf, but I'm no dochter, and fearin' he would die in the fit, I wint to call the watch, to sind for a medical man. Aginst I come back his teeth were set in the pillow, and his jaws locked as he was gone dog-mad.

But that's not a tithe of his way of shpindin' the noight; but ye'd think I was afther over-ratin' me own sarvices, so I'll not till more. His head is gone intirely, sur; he'll want only the bars and the jacket—and that not for long, for he's failin', I feel. An' a fearful warnin' it is—but there's no eschapin' it, sur; niver in this wurruld.

The entrance of Mr. Foster and Dinfor—I am glad to say, in behalf of Christian morals—cut short this speech. After the introductions had taken place, the conversation at once had reference to me.

UNCLE.—What is your conclusion, gentlemen?

EXPERT.—I fully agree with Doctor Johnson: your nephew ought to be sent to an asylum at once.

DOCTOR.—Yes, that is our conclusion.

DINFOR [*sadly*].—Poor Felix! [*Approaches bedside.*]

UNCLE.—In that case, had we not better drive at once to the court-room and have the papers drawn? The Judge will soon leave his office for the day, and, unless we procure the documents, the patient will have to remain another night under the nurse's care—and this you intimate, doctor, is not desirable.

DOCTOR.—We had better go at once.

EXPERT.—I see no reason for further delay.

UNCLE.—I wish to be guided entirely by your judgment, remember.

"It's all over. Glorious!" Dinfor whispered in

my ear, as the Uncle and physicians walked into the hall.

I deliberately turned over in bed and went to sleep.

VI.

LAW.

THE police court-room was tenanted only by a clerk, who sat at a desk, writing up his records of the morning's session.

Mr. Foster, Dinfor, and the physicians entered, and, approaching the scribe, "the Uncle" asked,—

"Is Judge Box in his room, sir?"

"He is; take seats," carelessly rejoined the clerk, striking a bell. "I'll send for him. Officer! step inside and tell his Honour that several gentlemen are here on business."

The policeman touched his cap and disappeared.

The Judge entered from the left, a cap on the back of his head, a cigar in a corner of his mouth, which almost stuck into one of his eyes, and with his hands buried in his breeches' pockets. As he came upon the scene, he continued speaking to his

friends within his private office, through the open door, "He's a 'rum' boy, Jimmy is. 'The 'cursed lamp-post wouldn't get off the side-walk?' Haw, haw! he'll fetch up here some Sunday morning, and d——n me if he don't get 'sent up.'" Turning to the Uncle, he said quickly, "Well?"

"I wish to obtain an order for the commitment of my nephew to Dr. Baldric's Asylum," explained Mr. Foster. "The physicians are here to make oath to the necessary papers."

His Honour took the cigar from his mouth, looked at the floor, tilted back on his heels, and chuckled once more over the "joke on Jimmy" as he said to his clerk,—

"A' right : make that out." *

CLERK [*to Physicians*].—Please stand up to this desk.

[*Judge walks the floor.*]

[*To Doctor*].—Your name and address?

* It should be stated, for the honour of the American bench, that the magistrate who signed these documents in so careless a fashion, was attached to one of the lower police courts. The days of Tammany Hall had just ended, and not all of the incompetent public servants had been removed. The first work of the next Legislature was to raise the power of granting commitments to the grade of a much higher court, so that to-day cases of this kind are brought before men who have their reputations to care for, and who could hardly afford to certify to "a personal examination" which *they had not made.*

DOCTOR.—Dromio Johnson, Great Smith Street.

CLERK [*to Expert*].—And yours?

EXPERT.—Antipholus Baker, Lexington Avenue.

CLERK.—The patient's name?

UNCLE.—Felix Somers.

CLERK.—All of you listen. [*Reads.*]

[2d R.S. 5 Ed. part I. ch. xx. : title 3: Art. 1 § 44b.—Laws 1900, cL. 506 § 6.]

Police Court, Second District.

State of New York, City and County of New York, S.S.

Dromio Johnson, of Great Smith Street, in the City of New York, Physician, and Antipholus Baker, of Lexington Avenue, in said City, Physician, being duly sworn, severally say, That Felix Somers is Insane, and is so far disordered in his senses as to endanger his own person, and the persons and property of others, if permitted to go at large.

That they have personally examined said Somers, and are satisfied that he is afflicted with such a vitiated understanding, and alienation of mind, as disables him from judging correctly between good and evil, and of the consequences of his acts, amounting to an absolute disposition of the free and natural agency of the human mind.

[*Signature*] DROMIO JOHNSON.

[*Signature*] ANTIPHOLUS BAKER.

Sworn to before me this 3rd day of August, 1872,

JOHN BOX,

Police Justice.

JUDGE [*to Clerk*].—They have signed the affidavit?

CLERK.—Yes, your Honour. [*Hands Judge the paper.*]

JUDGE [*to Physicians*].—You do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that the statements contained in this affidavit, as subscribed by you, are true—to the best of your knowledge and belief?

DOCTOR.—I do.

EXPERT.—I do.

JUDGE [*to Clerk*].—I'll sign the Order of Commitment now; you can fill it out afterwards. [*Signs.*]

[*To Uncle and Physicians.*].—Excuse me, sirs.

[*Goes out.*]

CLERK [*to Uncle*].—What asylum is your relative to enter?

UNCLE.—Doctor Baldric's.

CLERK [*to Physicians*].—Listen, and tell me if I have all the names right.

COMMITMENT—INSANITY.

Second District Court, Jefferson Market.

State of New York, City and County of New York, S.S.

TO THE POLICEMEN AND TO THE WARDEN OF
THE BALDRIC LUNATIC ASYLUM:—

WHEREAS, it appears to the undersigned, a Police Justice in and for the said City, by the evidence under oath and in writing of Dromio Johnson, Great Smith Street, and

tipholus Baker, Lexington Avenue, Two REPUTABLE
CLASS, who say:—

That Felix Somers is INSANE, and, by reason of such
ty, is so far disordered in his senses as to endanger his
erson, or the person or property of others, if permitted
at large; and being satisfied, upon examination, that
it would be dangerous to permit said Somers to go at large:—
THEREFORE, in the name of the People of the State of
York, you, the said Policemen and Warden, are hereto
mandated to cause the said Somers to be apprehended, and
safely locked up and confined in the Baldric Lunatic
m, in the City of New York (a secure place, approved
standing order or resolution of the Supervisors of the
nd County of New York as a proper Institution for the
ement of Lunatics), and to be dealt with according
to the laws of the State.

Given under my hand and seal this
3rd day of August, A.D. 1872.

JOHN BOX.
Police Justice.

had not taken long to swear away a man's wife,
deprive him of his liberty, and to condemn him
to a weary exile in a madhouse and among maniacs.
In less than only a matter of ten minutes, two affidavits,
two legal blanks. The magistrate's time was
valuable; acquaintances and political friends were
waiting for him in his private room; visitors having
business with the Court were something of a bore;

and it no doubt appeared highly impolite to question the ability of the physicians or the motives of the kinsman. The applicant was a total stranger to the Court, and yet no questions were asked; neither name nor address were given; in fact, he scarcely said twenty words before the Clerk of the Court was enjoined to "make that out." The magistrate had never seen the physicians; they might be "reputable," as the law required, or they might be venal quacks; but of their character and professional eminence the Court was in a state of uninquisitive ignorance, and made no effort to enlighten itself.

Thus was a sane man sworn into a maniac's cell in the city of New York, at the request of a stranger and on the oaths of two unknown physicians, one of whom had felt the Patient's pulse, been with him twenty minutes, and agreed with the theory and views of a professional acquaintance; while the other, "an expert," in hopeless embarrassment at the singularity of the case, had been prejudiced against the young man's sanity by the fears and falsehoods of a panic-stricken nurse. The certifi-

had been sworn to and signed in accordance with the laws of the State of New York, 1842, page 146, sections 20—30; the Clerk of the Court had “made *that out*” in good form, and the Court had affixed his signature; after which his Honour had retired to hear the remainder of “the joke on Jimmy,” while he finished his cigar.

CLERK [*to Physicians*].—That is all.

[*To Uncle*].—You will take possession of this warrant.

UNCLE.—It will, of course, be necessary for me to obtain a permit from the board of managers of the asylum?

CLERK.—Not at all. With this warrant in your possession you could arrest the person named in it anywhere in this State, and the physician in charge of any asylum within the corporate limits of this city would be bound by law to pay heed to the magistrate’s order—fees, one dollar.

UNCLE [*pays Clerk*].—I am very glad to know that.

[*To Physicians*].—Will you ride back with us to the hotel?

DOCTOR.—Yes, with pleasure.

EXPERT.—With thanks.

DINFOR [*aside*]. — Heavens ! how easy it has been !

The Court-room cleared, and the machinery of Justice stopped.

VII

A HAPPY LANDLORD.

THIS was an afternoon which I have no doubt the landlord of the Grand Diana will long remember. A carriage stood in waiting before the private entrance on Broadway. Mr. Foster, holding my arm, Mr. Dinfor, the two physicians, the nurse, landlord, and a porter with the baggage, emerged from the door; while the faces of guests and servants appeared at many of the front windows—I should have liked to have thanked the lady who had spoken of me as a “nice young man,” but the opportunity was not offered.

“Are we ready to go?” the uncle asked Mr. Dinfor.

“Yes: all bills are paid,” he rejoined, assisting me into the carriage.

“There is not the slightest necessity of taking

the nurse along," replied Mr. Foster to a suggestion from the physicians. Turning to the driver, he said,—

"To the Baldric Asylum: don't lose any time."

We were driven off, amid the farewell greetings of the physicians and bystanders.

Our carriage took its place among the throng of vehicles on Broadway, and not a word was exchanged between us until five blocks had been traversed. The curtains were then slowly drawn down. The Patient at once became perfectly rational, and the long ride to the asylum, although cheerful enough, was unenlivened by any incident having even remote bearing upon this narrative.

In concluding this portion of the story, I may say that I have become fully impressed with the easy manner in which, for a good round fee, the affidavits of two disreputable doctors, belonging to that species of doubtful practitioners who employ a certain class of journals to advertise their calling, could have been secured. This would have satisfied the law, for the committing magistrate could not be expected to know the standing of all the physicians in

Borrowing Trouble

17

the American metropolis, and even more so in the country, certainly not be looked for from a person who would sign a warrant "on personal examination of the body" (he had not asked even the name of the person arrested for it); yet it would only have proved that the doctors were venal. It had therefore been determined from the first that a more serious step should be taken of the lunacy enactment, employing either ignorant or corrupt juries. To the contrary, the law was tested under circumstances entirely in its favour. The long course of illness, and two days of ceaseless anxiety and exertion, had gone through for the sole purpose of reaching some definite ideas as to the general character of the case among the medical faculty regarding lunacy and orders. The two men who appended their signatures to the preceding affidavit were able, conscientious physicians of good standing in their profession, but—as is evident—unfit to enforce the lunacy law. Every representation made to them from first to last was absolutely truthful, and they were left to draw their own inferences from the conduct of the Patient.

I had been travelling South, had been ill in New Orleans, had written the fact from that city to Dinfor, had stopped apart from my associates at the Grand Llama upon reaching New York, had refused to recognize an old friend, and had been found by the hotel clerk acting in the strange manner described to the doctor. The amount which the glowing falsehoods of the Nurse contributed towards forming the opinions of the physicians cannot be charged either to my coadjutors or to me. He was the choice of the doctor who first took charge of the case. As the younger friend, Dinfor may have manifested undue haste in wishing to have the Patient sent to Doctor Baldric's; but—granted that this be true—his zeal was moderated by the caution of Mr. Foster, who (more impartial than Justice) insisted that the physicians should carefully examine the case. No malice was entertained against either the medical profession, or its two members who signed the affidavits; and it has been a source of sincere gratification to The Three Conspirators to know that this *exposé* and the consequent pre-eminence which the two physicians obtained had

laid the foundations of their separate fortunes.

It may be interesting to know what was the cost of imprisoning a sane man: I append the expense account:—

Paid 15 days' board, Grand Llama Hotel	£14	0	0
Paid brandy and peppermint	0	2	0
Paid Dr. Dromio Johnson	4	0	0
Paid Dr. Ant. Baker, as Expert	2	0	0
Paid Medical Student	1	0	0
Paid John McFinn, nurse	2	0	0
Paid hack hire	3	0	0
Paid fees, fares, gratuities	2	10	0
Paid Baldric Asylum Company three months' board in advance, at £4 per week	52	0	0
<hr/>			
Total cost	£80	12	0

The following letter, addressed to Mr. Dinfor two weeks later, naturally belongs to this narrative; and, having obtained its writer's permission, I cannot resist the temptation to insert it here:—

MY DEAR MR. DINFOR,—Doubtless no part of

your object was to do injustice to the physicians whose names figure so prominently in Mr. Somers's narrative : I therefore request to be heard in my defence.

I was called in to this case by Dr. Johnson : after standing some minutes by the bedside—as “the patient” affected irritability at the presence of strangers, and unwillingness to converse—I withdrew to a window, and sat observing him while my colleague visited another patient in the hotel. It was only Mr. Somers's duty to say that his imitation of insanity was such as to indicate a high order of dramatic talent. I was in the room nearly or quite half an hour. His case was evidently not one of *delirium tremens*, nor the effect of drugging. It was not the delirium of a fever, nor of acute brain disease : it was one of two things, either real or feigned mania (!) Now, under some circumstances—as, for instance, in investigating the sanity of a criminal—the latter possibility would have demanded consideration. But, I ask you, what degree would it present itself to the mind of an examining surgeon in such a case as this ? Will

up to the Institution, where every opportunity was afforded him to see the exact condition of the patient. If I am not misinformed, the obliging doctor offered to become the commissioner's *cicerone* to explain the entire *modus operandi* of transforming a lunatic into a sane man.

The editor was not specially impressed with the proposition as offered, but the physician paid a second and yet a third visit, each time upon his request being granted. When this became a nuisance, the editor accepted the proposition (in his own way, it is true), and telegraphed to me in New Orleans.

END OF THE FARCE.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

NAL MODERATE

Book the Second.

MAD MORTALITY.

TWILIGHT was fast bringing to an end a delightful August day when a carriage entered the park surrounding Doctor Baldric's Institution.

The Three Conspirators were close to final victory or humiliating defeat.

The scenes were changing from a cheerful suite of rooms in a usually quiet hotel to a dark, damp cell in Bedlam.

Now for a drama of the Emotional School! In it another class of artists sustained the various rôles while the leading actor of the Farce passively looked on.

* * *

I did not realize the difficulties of the new part as I had those of the character in the Farce: on the contrary, I imagined it much easier to look on, while others enacted melodrama, than to study the "business" for myself.

In common with almost every citizen of the metropolis, I was acquainted with the location of Doctor Baldric's Asylum on the Bloomingdale Road. The site was elevated, cool, and pleasant. A lawn of unusual evenness, garnished with bright beds of blooming and blossoming plants, surrounded the structure. Indeed, on former occasions, the dingy brown-stone buildings—half hidden among the shrubbery and foliage about the spacious grounds—had looked almost inviting. But, like the majority of the city's inhabitants, I never had visited it or any other asylum: worst of all, I did not even know that the quarters to which all newly-arrived patients were assigned were in a dismal brick structure far in the rear and beyond the sight of all these flowering shrubs and gladiolas.

The carriage halted before the door, and, after pressing the hand of each of my colleagues, I sank

My faithful coadjutor, Mr. Foster, was ready with his answer, and, as he counted out the requisite £5 said,—

“I wish to leave the young man with you to-night here is the thirteen weeks’ board-money, and I will become responsible for all damages to the building or the furniture.”

This was satisfactory. I was engaged for nine days, more or less.

Turning to me, Doctor Quotidian went through the formality of placing his fingers upon my pulse

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Felix Somers,” I replied.

“Well, Felix; how are you feeling to-day?”

“I don’t know; about the same, I suppose,” was my slow and deliberate reply.

“Just such cases as yours are treated here: you will soon be well again,” said the doctor, in conclusion.

The examination by the physician occupied less than one minute, and consisted simply in an attempt to guess at the movement of the pulse. No information

hoped or intended to refer to the case. No inquiries were made regarding my present condition, personal habits, or probable causes of derangement, and no reference was made to the physicians who cured the derangement. At every question my present condition was asked, asked, and every time by Junior's answer that I had been for three months on the Mississippi. I never was not informed that my letters were the subject only of the greatest of American political newspapers. He may have inferred that I was "persecuted by the press," if he took the trouble to think at all. But his chief anxiety seemed to be in the payment of the money, for, when he mentioned it, he had no more questions to ask.

My pockets were then quietly emptied of their contents.

I went back to the boat with my two colleagues, and saw them depart with the first thrill of imprisonment I had ever known.

* * *

On the following morning, to anticipate or slightly, my two coadjutors called upon Mr. Sam Someuse, a member of the Board of Directors of the Baldric Asylum, to obtain a permit. As has been seen, they had succeeded in lodging me in the institution without a permit from any one of the Asylum Committee. The director who was then applied to did not express any surprise that the doctor had in receiving me acted in defiance of every old and proper regulation, but simply said that he would be very happy to sign the document. I then filled out the following blank, which was accordingly signed by all parties to the transaction:—

New York, August 4, 187:

Upon the admission of Felix Somers, of New York, into the Baldric Asylum for the Insane I engage to pay to that Institution, through its Warden, 20 dols. (£4) per week for board and medical and moral treatment. I engage to make compensation for all damages done to the windows, bedding and furniture; to provide sufficient clothing for the

Mr. J. M. [unclear]

it; for a ~~period of [unclear]~~
of death, to ~~be [unclear]~~

[unclear]

r and in ~~connection with [unclear]~~
ort of the ~~above [unclear]~~
um, and of ~~one [unclear]~~
um Company ~~in [unclear]~~
nowledge, I ~~became [unclear]~~
e above engagement

(Signed) [unclear]

[unclear]

limit Felix Somers a ~~sum of [unclear]~~
g 260 dol. ~~for [unclear]~~
y in advance, and ~~the [unclear]~~
ant for commitment ~~received [unclear]~~
tes will be furnished you ~~before [unclear]~~
e patient.

(Signed) SAMUEL SOMERES,
of the Asylum Committee

is was sent to the Baldric Institution that after-
, and there ended the business dealings be-

tween "parties of the first part and parties of the second part."

* * *

I was no sooner alone than I recognized the change which had taken place in my relations with the world !

Up to that moment I had been most efficiently "supported," and the struggle had been that of three individuals, working effectively together, against a nurse, two physicians, a Police Justice, a half-dozen asylum directors, and an expert in lunacy. Now it became a single-handed work of diplomacy opposed to an institution, honoured by the world for a century of existence and its millions of wealth; three doctors, ten attendants, and nearly two hundred patients—*all* more or less deranged.* My

* The author insists upon retaining the word *all*, notwithstanding my strenuous opposition. He declares that a physician or a nurse, from constant association with the insane, soon acquires a morbid state of mind, which in time becomes dangerous to himself, and totally unfits him for the care of others. He holds, therefore, that the attendants should be carefully selected, paid good wages, and frequently changed; that there should be a sufficient number of doctors to permit each and every one of them to air his brain during at least three months of every year; and he further suggests that a

Lin. Linnaeus

[illegible][illegible]

lost the right to have even his existence recognized by the outside world.

I now assign as the real cause of this, and chief obstacle in the way of reform, the indifference of the great mass of the people, who, considering themselves so sane as to be for ever beyond danger of derangement, care little and think about the sad lives of a class more worthy than the lame, the halt, or the blind. How many citizens in each county of this nation, think trouble themselves enough to make even an annual visit to the county alms-houses and asylums? it is in such places that the most distressing effects of inattention and inexperience are found when a shattered and deserted half-deranged inmate escapes. Its escape, the people of the county for around turn out like bloodhounds to recapture the fugitive. "It's such real sport, you know; better than a fox-hunt, any day," I once heard a country swain remark in the presence of his wife's heart.

The recollection of a scene once witnessed in an Ohio alms-house sustained and encouraged

ughout all the trials of this arduous mis-

had established, beyond any sort of doubt, that
ter facilities were afforded for getting a sane
into a Lunatic Asylum than out of it. A sane
, once committed, has only the medical skill of
ngle physician to call to his succour, and that
sician is already prejudiced against him for
rs reasons. It is his interest—to put the baser
ve first, and dismiss it soonest—to keep the
ng boarder as long as his friends provide for
keeping. Then, too, the endorsement of the
ent's infirmity by two reputable professional
hren leads the Asylum physician to hesitate at
rsing their sworn decision. It is not merely
ct that seems to lack professional courtesy, but
licate one, for, if a mistake be made, it is damag-
to the reputation of himself or associates, and
y event is derogatory to a profession in which
members take unusual pride. Thus prejudiced,
natural that there should be hesitation on the
of Asylum physicians, and a disposition to
re a patient's protest of sanity and appeals for

release, into evidences of either idiocy or mania, confirmatory of the certificate of commitment.

* * *

I was now with my keepers. An attendant took me in charge in an easy, off-hand manner that greatly amused me. Having expressed a desire to rest, this attendant conducted me to a large room containing four beds, on one of which I laid down ; but, although my exhaustion was very great, my disinclination to be detected asleep in a public room and my insufferable hunger kept me awake. I tossed around until the bell rang for tea. During the interval several of the patients entered and surveyed the latest accession to their number. They were all mild, harmless individuals. The ill-nature exhibited by one of them I afterwards traced to the fact that I had lain upon the bed which he occupied at night. Even those good-natured friends of my youth, "The Three Bears," objected to intrusions of that kind.

I was shown down into the basement, to the dining-room. In my anxiety to get something to eat, after my twenty-four hours of fasting, I had even started in search of the place myself. I did not

grumble, even mentally, upon finding the apartment dark, damp, and cheerless. The tables and the food upon them were my chief thought.

Imagine, if such a thing be possible, my disgust when I sat down to a cup of weak tea and a starchy dry roll of bread, to be eaten without water. What little milk there was had already been put into the tea, and there was no temptation to take any sugar, for the bowl was swarming with small red ants. The meal was not only uninviting, but absolutely deficient in quantity for even sick men. Almost as hungry as when I entered, I returned upstairs.

There I was told that I had been assigned to a room in "The Lodge," and that an attendant was waiting to show me to it.

I was, then, to be admitted as a madman of the true type. "None of your sneaking, simpering officers shall I be, but a real first-class maniac—endorsed by the medical faculty." Such had been the contract which I had made with myself when, away in New Orleans, I had decided to assume the sunstroke mania.

This was the seal of success. I was *en route* for the realm of strait jackets—"booked through" to Bedlam.

I was conducted to a large grated door at the rear of the building, where a tall, gaunt individual, heavily moustached, awaited my coming.

The iron bars, in swinging open, groaned a requiem to decayed genius.

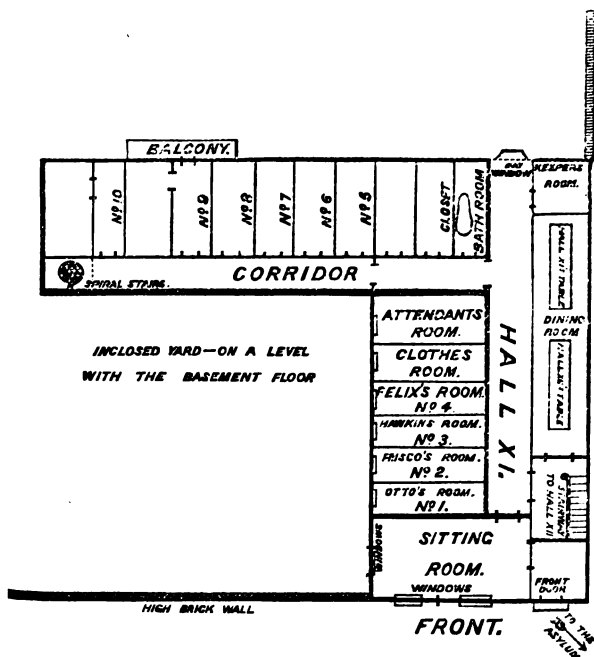
I stepped out into the darkness, with the attendant by my side, and a few moments' walk along a smooth pavement brought us to "The Lodge," or maniac ward.

Before entering this building—within whose walls let him know no hope who leaves behind a friendless world—it would be well to tell you something about it. In doing this I must not rely upon the ideas formed of it on this night, for it then rose against the pale, moon-lit sky as a great dark object, without a single lighted window—a bottomless pit in the sky. Although it was scarcely more cheerful in the sunshine, and utterly devoid of the romance with which the shadows invested it, the building appeared to better advantage in the afternoon.

By all means let us now deal with it at its best, for we shall see enough of it at its worst.

The maniac wards of the Baldric Asylum are

ated about two hundred feet in the rear of the
in buildings. The accompanying diagram shows



e outline of the structure as well as the internal
rangement of the ground floor, and is accurately
mpiled from rough notes made by pricking holes
a scrap of the *New York Herald*, and smuggled
ck into the world in the toe of my shoe.

The madhouse is approached from the rear building by a brick pavement, which, leaving the rear door from which I have just sallied, crosses a sandy roadway and then turns abruptly to the left through a clump of shady trees. The general aspect of the structure is seen to be that of an 7. The front of the building, as we see it, is only two stories in height, but a basement, entirely below the level of the side-walk—whose windows look out into the yard some eight or nine feet lower than the ground on the outside of the brick wall which encloses the building—adds another story in the rear. In this cellar are the padded cells, in which are many of the worst cases.

This yard is separated by a high wall from the front terrace, on which there is a cool arbour and a bowling-alley; but I may anticipate at this point as far as to say that these inviting places are evidently constructed for show, as, during my stay in the building, not a patient in Halls XI. or XII. was permitted to go there. Even the enclosure, before described as on a level with the basement, is accessible only to the worst class of confirmed lunatics.

leading into the interior of the building returned to the object of their solicitude—a son, a brother, husband—to the company of men in strait-jackets. Yet they knew all that the general visitor to the madhouse of Dr. Baldrick could learn in regard to patients committed to the charge of his or any similar institution.

It was not to be so with me.

I was not to be treated as a visitor: I was to enter the mysterious region beyond that last oak.

The summons soon came; the door swung open upon its hinges. The attendant motioned me to enter.

I stepped into a narrow corridor running the entire length of the building, at the further end of which I saw a strip of the same pale moonlight through which my guide had piloted me to the known region. The hall-way was utterly deserted, and, for the time, quiet as a cemetery. A tiny gas-jet, not sufficient to illumine the corners of the corridor, burned near the ceiling. The tall, mechanical attendant threw open a cell door, and saying, s

thrally, "You have *Number Three*" under *Number* me inside.

* * *

The cell was more uninviting than any I had ever before seen, even in the lowest prisons. It was no more than six feet in width by five in height and was without any furniture save a small stool and a straw mattress. It was only faintly illuminated when the door was open, by the dull light from the hall; and as there was no window over the door I realized in an instant that the cell would be utterly dark as soon as I was locked in for the night. The walls were rough-finished and whitewashed, and their dreariness chilled my heart. I should have rejoiced at the presence, even posted far across the walls, of the cheapest darts in the shape of pictures. However unlikely I was to hang myself, I could not expect framed works of art swinging from nails in the wall. Yet, for any poor wretch who might have cared to indulge either his fancy or his curiosity in that direction, the absence of the word and the nails need not have discouraged him; all he needed to do was to crowd his head through

the large openings in the iron lattice-work of the windows, and then kick the cot away from his feet. But the latter mode had a decided favour in the heart of the suave Dr. Baldrick, because the most vigorous investigation would have failed to censure his institution for a suicide through such instrumentality.

The window was a poor affair; without glass, grated by iron bars, and so high from the floor that to look out of it one must stand upon the cot.

With one ray of hope, I turned to put my hand upon the door-knob, but, to my surprise, I found that the inside of the door was smooth, and, when closed, would be flush with the wall. I had never before imagined how essential to the proper appearance of a room were the knobs of its doors. The last apparent medium of communication with the outside world was gone!

The floor had been scrubbed in anticipation of my occupancy, and I discovered, upon removing my shoes, that it was still damp; and the odour of chloride of lime, which had been mingled with the water, was so offensive that it made the quarters

The Journey

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I SAW
ON THE JOURNEY.

AS I WALKED THE ROAD I SAW
A MAN WHO WAS THE FIRST I MET ON
THE ROAD.

HE WAS THE FIRST I MET ON
THE ROAD. HE WAS THE FIRST
I MET ON THE ROAD. HE WAS
THE FIRST I MET ON THE ROAD.
HE WAS THE FIRST I MET ON
THE ROAD. HE WAS THE FIRST
I MET ON THE ROAD. HE WAS
THE FIRST I MET ON THE ROAD.
HE WAS THE FIRST I MET ON
THE ROAD. HE WAS THE FIRST
I MET ON THE ROAD. HE WAS
THE FIRST I MET ON THE ROAD.
HE WAS THE FIRST I MET ON
THE ROAD. HE WAS THE FIRST
I MET ON THE ROAD. HE WAS
THE FIRST I MET ON THE ROAD.

ATTENDANT WHOSE NAME I KNOW IS
D TO GET INTO THE

OR HAVING IN ALL THE YEARS OF MY EXISTENCE
ED SUCH A MAN. HE WAS THE FIRST I MET
EARNESTLY AGAINST THE INJUSTICE OF COMPELLING
CATCH COLD; BUT THE POLICE YOUNG MAN INSISTED

with perfect indifference, and responded by telling me not to keep him waiting.

As I undressed, the attendant took up each article of dress as I deposited it upon my cot, and finally carried them all into the hall. The door closed with a slam, and the bolt shot into the lock.

The fact that there was no chair in the cell upon which to lay my clothes annoyed me at first, but I consoled myself now that they were to be hung up somewhere in a closet. Imagine my feelings, then, when I found that my clothing was to undergo another search; and if I may judge from the condition of my apparel on the following morning, and from the inspections which I saw made on the garments of others who arrived during my stay, every pocket was turned out, and every inch of coat-lining carefully thumbed over.

I confess to having heard, with no small degree of interest, as I lay in my cot, the conversation between the attendant, Twombly, and the individual who assisted him. Various remarks were made regarding the absence of the cuff and shirt buttons, highly disrespectful towards Dr. Quotidian. They

summed up in the remark of Twombly, as
ped upon the floor the last piece of hope,
doc. has made the first rake." I was
hear such insinuations, but concluded that
l be a thankless task to defend him, and
sibly, after all, they knew him better than

clothes were then flung upon the damp floor
all, and left there all night.

thus explicit in describing this final search-
ess, to show how completely a patient is at the
of the employés of this institution, without
pencil, postage-stamps, or paper.

se of quinine was soon after brought me,
eclined with thanks. I never liked the drug.

* * *

I followed a night whose horrors, even to the
st particulars, can never be forgotten. To
n now it is a shudder-inspiring recollection.

alone in the cell with my secret and my
its, I arose in my bed and gazed out through
ated window, in order to get a last breath of
air. The night had now grown cool, and a

light breeze blowing up from the Hudson refreshed me. The trees surrounding the yard which I looked destroyed all the direct rays of the moon. There were no lights in the other windows of the building. The sky overhead contained scattered stars, and I can truly say that never before did they awaken within my breast so much soothing pathos.

Regretfully, but of necessity, I at last sought my cot. The straw bed was hard and uncomfortable. I would have welcomed the floor of a trading inn in the Itasca country, or the lively hospitality of a roadside inn of Andalusia. The sheets were of the coarsest and strongest sail-cloth, and in the darkness the only guarantee that I had of their cleanliness was dampness. The water in which they had been washed had been tinctured with carbolic acid, which, if a more stifling odour existed, I should to have it named. The sickening smell of chlorine of lime and carbolic acid sought out my nose, whether I buried my head under the bed-cloth or inhaled the air of the room. The window, dark above my face, seemed the only comfort left.

but at intervals a gust of the night air swept in upon me, and, although agreeable in itself, soon gave me a violent headache.

Though tired and sleepy, it seemed impossible to become reconciled to the strange surroundings. I lay thinking for more than an hour, during which time all the future details of the scheme were gone over in my mind.

At last drowsiness overcame me, and I slept.

Exactly how long I was unconscious can never be guessed. Midnight had evidently passed when I was suddenly awakened by a demoniacal yell that for the moment fairly unnerved me.

The place ! the hour ! the darkness !

Once and only once before had I heard such a dread-inspiring cry—years ago—but I hear it even now.

I was travelling by the night express on an Ohio railway. A blinding rain-storm raged, and flashes of lightning dazzled our eyes. Thundering along through the darkness, wide awake, we were thinking of death—it was in the tempest, in the

air. Suddenly a shriek of the whistle, the roar maddened waters—a *crash*! One awful instant of silence, in which we held our breath while our hearts throbbed a measure of eternity. But then, at all earthly sounds, a continuous, piteous, he broken wail—of despair, of agony—which made blood grow thick with cold. Ready hands, inspired by hearts full of wild resolution to save life, were found of no avail. The negro fireman, to save the train, refused to leap with the engineer, and was buried to his waist under the engine's flaming box, while the chilly, pitiless waters of the swollen brook laved his face.

In the first few bewildered moments that followed my awakening in a maniac's cell, I could not arrive at the conviction that the scream proceeded from one of its darkest corners.

Merciful God! a maniac had picked the lock and entered my room! The attendant had left the key in the door? A hand to hand struggle in the darkness with a demon! I see his eyes?—or think I do hear his breathing—or my own? It must be

heart that ~~thumped~~ at audibly for mine has ceased to beat.

Dreaming, or I shuddered.—*Mad.*

"No; not ~~mad~~." I exclaimed aloud springing out of bed. One mortal instant of inaction succeeded, in which I heard.—

"Ou-oo, ou-oo. ou-oo : ya-ha. ya-ha. ya-ha—Esch—
hist! ya-ha, ya-ha ya-ha-a-a—e—e—' & from a *

—Thank God, I was safe!

That was IT again: awake, sane—faint from a nameless fear—master of the situation!

IT came from the cell underneath.

Oh, how sure I was of that! Willingly would I have staked my immortality upon my conviction—for the ear, under such a trial, never deceives. The outline of the window was barely discernible; I climbed up and looked out. The moon had evidently gone down, but there were the stars, the same tiny,

* Ou, as in plough; oo, as in boot; a, in ya and ha, as in cat.

twinkling orbs I had seen so many ages before. Since then I had lived throughout eternity.

Such was "the quiet retreat" to which a patient who had expressed a desire for absolute rest had been conducted by the orders of a physician making the treatment of lunacy cases the study of his life.

A physically-exhausted patient presented to this doctor, to all appearances suffering only from temporary aberration of mind, classed with and put within direct hearing of the very worst class of incurables!

A young man scarcely of age—the appearance of whose friends, as well as of himself, and the promptitude with which his board-bill was paid, indicated that he had been accustomed to the average comforts of life—was thrown into a cell without even a chair, forced to sleep on a pallet of straw. Such the quarters for which his friends, and those of other inmates, paid twenty dollars per week!

I returned to my lumpy mattress and snatched a few short hours of troubled sleep. I was repeatedly awakened by sounds equally as dreadful as those

My Apartment

I had first ~~arrived~~ in the city of the ~~unhappy~~

He mentioned ~~nothing~~ in the ~~apartment~~
cell was ~~very~~ ~~small~~ ~~and~~ ~~dark~~
He would ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
ing ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
been ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
He ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~broken~~ ~~down~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~
my ~~violent~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~
onion.

Get up!

Yes, ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~
summons, and ~~soon~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~

I ~~Bedian~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
ing the corridor to ~~the~~ ~~cell~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
hes.

was only six o'clock and ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~
kfast was not served yet. ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~
aving washed my face at a trough in the bath-
I, I employed this hour of semi-opaque day:

visiting every portion of the floor to which I could gain access.

I was thus prompt in beginning my work because I did not know how short might be my stay in the ward. It was possible that I might be transferred to the cellar among more dreadful companions, and the fact that my travelling-bag had not been brought over to the lodge tended to strengthen, rather than to dispel, my fears of a change. A bare possibility existed that my friends might have been recognized and the scheme, by some mishap, discovered. In such an emergency—simply one of the risks provided for—I must be prepared for transfer to either the Utica or the Blackwell's Island Asylum. There was ample evidence that an understanding existed between these three institutions, by which patients were suddenly transferred from one to the other when annoying writs of *habeas corpus* arrived, after which it became very easy to say, for instance, "There is no person named Patsey Bollivar in our institution."

I began to look over the patients at once, and assort them into groups. Although not attempting

ision of my acquaintance, I sought to ex-
alutations with all inclined to sociability.
ll aware that any classification of patients,
lly made by me at that time, might have
short of a scientific selection ; but I can
that my two weeks' experience within these
a newspaper correspondent only confirmed
on I formed after my first morning's in-
namely, that the treatment and control of
e is wholly a matter of individual judgment,
on experience. Science knows very little
sanity—all theories upon the subject are,
later, found to be at fault.

y part, no longer caring for the study of
y as a Fine Art," the subdivisions were
r the purpose of observing the corporal
t which the patients received, rather than
l influence exerted over them. Those who
ncommunicative to strangers or recognized
nces were placed in one group: those in
recollection of the world, or memory re-
the existence of the human race seemed
another. The individuals of either group

were equally untrustworthy. In one class there was an ever-present mistrust of themselves ; and in the other a hidden, and therefore dangerous impulse, which might require only one word to develope.

To me it was a new world, peopled with a curious, wild, and even dreadful race.

The corridor, about seventy-five feet in length by ten feet in width, ran through the centre of the main building from the sitting-room in front, previously described, to a large bay window at the rear. An iron grating, needlessly heavy, was placed across the hall, within a few feet of the window, and its bars—perceptible from every part of the corridor—gave the establishment all the dreariness of a prison. From the rear end of the building an extension ran off at a right angle towards the north-west. This wing was not, as will be seen by the diagram, the full width of the main structure, and the corridor was along one side—that towards the inclosed yard—instead of through the centre. Along the side towards the rear were ranged the cells. The dining-room opened off the main corridor, or Hall xi., nearly opposite to the passage-way leading

to the extension. Two iron-frame benches, such as are seen in the public parks, and are intended for a few minutes' occupancy, were placed in each corridor. On these the patients might sit, or not, as they pleased. To a certainty, nothing more uncomfortable in the shape of settees could have been provided: they were the causes of constant complaint.

At last the breakfast-bell sounded, summoning all the silly simpletons to the eating-room. I observed, during every morning of my imprisonment, that the hour's interval between the opening of the cells and the serving of the breakfast dragged very heavily upon all who were cognizant of the slow flight of time. The idea suggested itself that, as a lunatic's meal was at best a pell-mell affair, it would have been much wiser to have dispensed with the early bell and the tedious hour's delay, and to have rewarded the first one dressed, washed, and in his seat at the table, with an extra biscuit, or two spoonsful of sugar in his coffee. I stood at a distance and watched the scene. Such persons as recognized the meaning of the bell

shoved through the door like sheep. The wretched idiots or imbeciles, to whom the summons conveyed no impression, were shoved along the corridor, and directed to the right or to the left by a slap on the ears. Slight or aggravated as the case of abuse might be, it was never resented. This augured vague recollections of severe punishment to those who had dared to resist brutal nurses. The poor creatures who were not molested seemed utterly careless as to the treatment of others. This simply indicated the utter absence of the esprit de corps found among all other classes of prisoners; it dispelled all possibilities of concerted plans of resistance, escape, or attack.* Each individual inhabits his own world of night alone, and no one to share it with him. The curiosity is by inexperience

the

may say in perfect candour, was it more strongly manifested than my own.

* * *

Entering the eating-room, after all were seated, was assigned a place near the head of one of the tables.

The apartment was long and narrow, but the ghastly lightness of the room was a relief after the sombre shadow of the corridor. Two rough, wooden tables, twenty-five feet long, were placed lengthwise of the room. At the one at which I was placed were seated the occupants of Hall XI.; at the other the patients of the upper floor, or Hall XII., descending to their meals by a staircase which existed in the vestibule at the front of the building. The seats which the patients occupied were rude benches without backs. The walls of the apartment were of rough-finished plaster, whitewashed, and unrelieved by even a single cheap picture.

Only a meagre impression at best can be conveyed of the dreariness and squalor of this room, and the nauseating manner in which this maniac's

morning meal was served. The tables, without any cloths, were greasy and slimy : the food brought in large tin wash-dishes without covers, already cooked, from the main building, was nearly cold. The serving of the meal was allotted to the caterer, an unwashed, frousy individual, who looked as though he had resigned from a Baxter-street restaurant to accept the situation he then held ; he belonged to that low-born, ill-bred race of people who eat with their knives. Upon each plate, unceremoniously huddled together, were a small piece of boiled beef (possessing rather more smell than taste), two potatoes (boiled in their skins) some sliced tomatoes, bread, and a mere atom of strong butter. The coffee, containing only a trace of sugar or milk, was doled out in large white-ware slop-bowls. The knives and forks had evidently not been scoured for months : they were filthy beyond description. Their handles were sticky, their blades rusty—in a much worse condition than those to be found in the dirtiest and cheapest midnight lunch-stalls of Fulton Market or St. Giles.

Yet, across the table from me, in the midst of

his squalor and dirt, sat an heir of the wealthiest family of America, who, if only sane, would have been the inheritor of millions. Near him, munching his food, I saw a man of noble face and iron-grey hair, whose eloquence was once the pride of the Senate Chamber, and his dinners and receptions the envy of all Washington.

"Let me have some milk and sugar for my coffee," I innocently said.

"Not any more!" roared the attendant; "all that's good for you is in the coffee."

A perceptible grin at the silliness of my request touched the faces of all the maudlin minds around the board.

Such was my introduction to the dining-hall.

During my entire visit, none of its inmates received the slightest courtesy from this attendant, Twombly; and although I succeeded on subsequent occasions in obtaining trifling favours from Wilkins, the caterer, I observed that others did not.

The nine patients at the table ate with animal-like voracity, excepting a young man at my right, with an agreeable face, who seemed disgusted

with the surroundings, and ate even less than I did.

It was a strange company.

I knew none of the guests by name, and no introductions were given me.

The ages of my messmates ranged from seventeen to seventy years. At the right of the young man by my side sat a venerable gentleman. His hair hung in straggling white locks about his face, and at times his eyes twinkled as merrily as those of Santa Claus. Beyond him, towards the lower end of the table, was a tall young man with bright brown hair and pinkish whiskers. Across the board from him, an idiot, stooped in form and hesitating in manner, chewed his food like a brute. A low retreating forehead and receding chin characterized a face which seemed to come to a focus at the point of a lean, sharp nose. He had evidently never been otherwise than as I saw him; there was no story in his case.

The next face was that of a man with a history. A massive forehead; pale, wasted cheeks, and deeply-sunken eyes of faded blue, from which th

ok of intelligence had gone for ever—a mental wreck, he seemed lost in thought, until, having swallowed his food, he hastened away, like an enthusiastic artist engaged in some labour of love, resume his slow stride along the corridor. The world once knew him as Professor Otto, Doctor Laws and of Philosophy, Gottingen University. I'd grant that he was thinking still of his textbooks, his dictionaries, and his class-room lectures!

At the further end of the board, to the left of the keeper Carrot, sat an intelligent-looking man of middle age, who at short intervals stopped his hand to rap with his spoon upon the table in a quick and nervous way, as if telegraphing to the broker, meanwhile muttering some stray words in reference to railway and mining stocks. He was called Bullion by the nurses, probably because he had been a Wall-street broker, and had lost his senses and most of his money in the "Black day" panic, 1869. By his side, straight upright, sat a man of middle age, who was known in the hall as "The Count."

The two persons exactly opposite me have been incidentally referred to. One was an idiot—so from birth. The other was an imbecile old man, whose brain had deserted him in the moment of his triumph. A princely fortune and a bright political record in the United States Senate were his, but I saw him a lunatic pauper. Here, side by side, sat two millionaires—one made so by an ancestor's enterprise, the other by his own good fortune; each as poor as the other, now as low as the lowest: equals, neither could sink further.

I observed, although there came no one to occupy it, that there was a vacant place at my bench immediately to the right of me, and that several of the persons seated around the board cast longing glances at the food upon the plate.

"Where's Hercules this morning?" asked the caterer, noticing the vacant place.

"He's out of shape, and can't have any breakfast," replied Twombly, exchanging glances with Carrot at the other end of the table.

The breakfast came to an end, and, again passing into the corridor, the patients betook themselves to

acing the floor, reclining on the benches or standing silently against the wall.

The five long hours before dinner were occupied in carefully observing the nurses and the patients. Men, rude and uncultured, whose only qualifications were physical strength, I found entrusted with the mending of that most delicate, wonderful, and mysterious creation of God, the Human Mind—broken, deranged, and shattered.

In the attendants, few redeeming traits of character were seen; among the patients, curious and startling mental phenomena developed with each hour.

Meeting the simpering idiot belonging to the lower end of my table, I accosted him,—

“Are you well to-day?” I asked.

His only answer was a leer, more senseless, more repulsive, than any I had ever before seen.

“What is your name?” I inquired.

“Bytheway,” he first muttered; and “By-the-way” he then drawled out.

“I mean, what are you called?” I persisted, thinking that he misunderstood me.

"My name is Bytheway," was the answer.

"Haven't you any other?" I queried, to suppress my surprise. "Such, for instance, as Smith, Jones, Brown, or Robinson?"

"Brown; yes, that's it," he exclaimed, showing more animation than I had previously thought him capable of exhibiting, followed by the horrible wrinkling of the face.

"Have you been here long?" I asked thoughtfully.

"No," he answered quickly and suspiciously; "I came yesterday."

I saw the grin no longer, but an ugly blackness gathered under the eyes as they avoided mine. He would say no more.

Twombly, the attendant, emerged from the mess-room.

"I am going to feed the animals," said he. "Do you want to come along?"

"Certainly I do," was my reply.

And so I left Bytheway Brown, feeling certain that I should find him in the same spot an hour or two later.

* * *

Together we walked off into the wing. Entering a small room, which served as a vestibule to an inside cell, Twombly unlocked and cautiously opened the door.

I stepped forward and peered through the opening into the gloom.

There was neither a seat, nor a bed, nor a pallet of straw in the cell—only a naked floor and walls. No heat in winter or cooling air in summer.

But I saw an object crouching on the floor. In the darkest corner, utterly nude, was what had once been a human being—with eyes fixed upon the door and long, shaggy, tangled hair streaming over its shoulders.

The keeper entered the cell, and, seizing the object by an arm, dragged it out into the light and turned it loose into a grated balcony at the rear. A rubber hose was then attached to a hydrant, and as the water was played upon the sickening object, it uttered the most agonizing and savage screams. The water was then turned into the dreadful cell.

"This is the hole through which we feeds 'im,"

said Twombly, lifting a small lattice near the bottom of the door.

Deserted—lost—waiting to die! If there can be anything more dreadful than such a sight, I am unable to imagine it. Yet, on Harlem Heights, only seven miles from the City Hall, and even a less distance from a hundred churches where people meet every Sunday without once thanking their Maker for their sanity, it was realized.

I hastened back to the main corridor, shuddering and almost sick. Since breakfast-time the old moral had been burned into my soul:—"Above all knowledge or riches is a sound mind."

* * *

The front sitting-room was a type of "Liberty Hall." There the greater part of the time between meals was passed. Several very dangerous patients inhabited this floor and were turned loose in this room among the harmless ones. The Count had frightfully bitten an inmate to whom he had suddenly taken a dislike; a second enjoyed the reputation of having attempted to "kick the head off" a silly companion who had aroused his anger; and a

and had tried to cut a messmate's throat at the dinner-table, "just to see how he would like it."

There was an utter recklessness as to classification.

Doctor Quotidian entered about eleven o'clock and simply inquired after the health of his new patient, whom he found seated upon an uncomfortable couch near the bay window. His examination was limited to the counting of the pulse and the simple inquiry,—

"How do you feel this morning, Felix?"

The pulse was found slow and regular as clock-work. Not the slightest trick was resorted to, except that I chose to refrain from answering, "I never felt so well in my life."

My only imposition was in pretending not to hear him, and answering not a word.

Another long hour; a shorter interval, tedious for every one, after the dinner-bell had rung and the patients were ordered into the mess-room.

On my way to the door I heard a noise inside the room, and, hastening forward, saw the attendant, who wrote, slap the face of the palsied old man on my

bench. My blood fairly boiled. Nothing but the horrible consequences which, in my situation, would have followed interference, prevented me from throttling the brutish keeper on the spot. I was literally chafing with rage, when a voice hissed in my ear,—

“If Hercules were here, that wouldn’t have happened.”

Turning instantly on my unknown companion—I always trembled at the thought that any of these treacherous creatures were behind me—I saw the silly, expressionless face of Bytheway Brown.

Under no circumstances whatever should punishment be the remedy for insanity. From the moment the physician in charge attaches the significance or the name of punishment to any of the means he employs, or authorizes to be used, to soothe the excitement or wanderings of a lunatic, grave abuses may creep in—offering excuse for harshness and cruelty on the part of the attendants.

* * *

I anxiously desired in the afternoon to have some

clean linen, and asked Carrot, the keeper, what formalities would be necessary. Carrot was a short, heavy-set individual, who upon every possible occasion paraded his piety and his experience in the care of lunatics. From him I now heard a phrase which was repeated to me a hundred times or more during my brief visit, and which proved to be the most annoying of the many petty and needless insults which were heaped upon these poor unfortunates. Carrot's answer, as he cocked up one eye and blinked the other, was,—

“Speak to the doctor about it.”

“But the doctor has just gone, and I shall have to wait until to-morrow,” I remonstrated.

“Can't help it,” he answered quite snappishly.

“You must ask Doctor Quotidian.”

It may appear only a trifling matter to have to obtain the permission of anybody to wear a clean collar or to comb one's hair, but to all sympathetic persons, seeing and knowing the sufferings of the poor creatures in insane asylums, such treatment will clearly appear as the cause of more real mental torment than abuse, mismanagement, neglect, or

poor food. Knowing, as the attendant did, that, in cases similar to the above, a whole day must elapse before the doctor returned, and that in all probability the patient would forget his wish in the hurry of the moment's conversation, only to think of it again when too late, the delay was simply cruel—especially would it have been so to a diseased mind, for which indulgence in all its harmless wants is an acknowledged panacea. Even after the request had been made to the doctor in person, not less than twelve hours of uncertainty were allowed to elapse before the most trifling want was supplied. Such was the invariable rule.

As regards my case, I had to be satisfied. But on the following day, when Doctor Quotidian came, I was in search of facts in another part of the building, and he hurried away before I knew of his presence. Learning that he was yet in a ward of the establishment, I went to Carrot, and, upon representing to him the facts and necessities of the case, was again curtly recommended to "speak to the doctor." In vain I asked to be allowed to send after the physician. Not until the third day, and after the

it had been "seen" were my clothes sent to lodge.

no one surprise awaited me. Or, although the had been handed to the doctor upon my knee, I had the satisfaction of seeing Harrot deliberately break open my satchel and drag its contents out through the side. It occurred to me, if this waist were to be searched several times by such individuals as the Irish nurse and the per Carmel took it and its contents would become practically worthless.

Even again did I encounter the red line of prohibition, for I was not permitted to take articles of dress to my cell—not even a comb and brush.

I took a seat in Liberty Hall.

In a corner I inserted the old gentleman whom I had seen the attendant strike in the morning. He appeared greatly interested. I crossed the room and spoke to him.

"How are you, uncle?" I inquired.

His whole manner changed, and his face lit up with animation.

"Thank you, young man," he said. "I have been called so since my own dear nephew died."

"Has he been dead very long?" I incautiously asked.

"No, not long," he thoughtfully replied. "Let me think—just two weeks ago to-day."

"What was your nephew's name?" I inquired solely for the sake of prolonging the conversation.

"John—but I like to call him Johnny. You will recollect him as Captain John, with whom Sir Francis Drake, when a boy, made his first voyage to Guinea."

"Do you mean Sir John—"

"Certainly: Sir John Hawkins," he exclaimed with every manifestation of pride; when, suddenly changing his tone, he continued, "Poor Johnny was my nephew. And only to think what a very wicked man that innocent boy became!" The speaker was silent for a few moments. "I can hardly realize how he went on from one crime to another, until he started the slave-trade, and ended his life the other day at the yard-arm," he said between his sobs—just as if this life were not sad enough in genuine earnest without parading imaginary woes.

are contented. Just as soon as the gay seas past, I intend to raze to the ground these buildings and erect on their site a magnificent edifice and the inner walls shall be formed of ivory, silver, and gold. Each guest shall thereafter have a suite of rooms and a retinue of servants and coachmen in livery and every wish of theirs shall be gratified. I have already secured the plans, and I am prepared to put them out. Make yourself at home, my dear friend. I must leave you now."

Without wearying my audience with the details, however, for weeks after returning to the world I quietly pursued my inquiries into the former history of each and every characteristic case of mania encountered in this place, I may give here a brief outline of Harmony's life, as showing his special type of insanity and yet sacredly preserve all the feelings of his friends.

I am aware that I am hazarding a very strong assertion when I say that Harmony, as I found him, was more contented and enjoyed better health than ever before in his life. A glance at his present career may indicate what I mean.

Early orphaned, the small portion of the world's inhabitants with whom he was thrown in contact soon recognized in him a thrifty lad. Always at work, he begrudged even the few scant hours of sleep he snatched between midnight and daylight.

An enthusiast in youth, manhood found him attacked by the gnawing ambition of wealth—boundless riches and nothing less. He lived meanly then so that, as he persuaded himself, he might enjoy all the luxuries of wealth when older. Soon he became penurious, and benevolence, if he had ever felt it, died within his breast. In early manhood he had won the heart of a respectable, honest girl, but as he delayed the marriage from year to year in order that he might the better support her, his heart became too selfish to admit another to share the earnings of his hands. As a tradesman he prospered, but he felt no richer. His shops multiplied, until on one great thoroughfare alone they were nowhere more than five blocks apart. He never married—could neither spare the time to seek, nor the money to support a wife: he was on the high road to vast wealth. Although fifty years of age, he argued

that he had yet thirty good years ahead of him.

One morning he was informed by an acquaintance (for he had no friends) that a bank with which he had a small account had failed. The doors had closed three days before, but as he did not take a newspaper he had not learned the fact. The loss of a few hundred dollars turned the tide in his life.

Up to this point his days and nights had been full of care for the future; now there appeared—the more suddenly often the more dangerous and lasting—a new element of anxiety and unhappiness. He imagined himself on the verge of bankruptcy, and marvelled that he had never thought of it before. Day by day this idea grew upon him. The few hours of sleep which had kept alive his exhausted nature grew shorter night by night. At first he only imagined and speculated as to what might happen. A few days or weeks later he began to argue with himself how easily such a calamity might overtake him. Then succeeded the dangerous element of dread, which banished hope for ever.

Anxiety developed into Fear ; Dread into Belief—
Fancy into Fate !

And so he came to Baldric's.

One of his former clerks has told me how for forty-eight hours at a time, Harmony used to sit at his desk overhauling his ledgers and cash-book and staring at the two scales of the financial balance known as debit and credit. But this matters not to my story. Suffice it to say, that wretched and morose he entered Bedlam. The one bank in which he had deposited the least of goodness or usefulness, his brain, had suspended for ever.

A week of unconsciousness, with some violence, followed, at the end of which time there came a change.

He walked out into the corridor one morning and shook hands with all the patients, telling them one and all that they were welcome to his hospitality, and that he hoped they would remain his guests as long as they saw fit. He laughed and cracked jokes, and affected all sorts of amusements. The inmates of the ward were regaled with marvellous stories of his adventures, compared with

which Figaro's account of the "snakes with bells upon their tails," dwindles into insignificance. The imaginary possessor of millions, he dispensed his benefactions with a bounteous hand, and enjoyed his money as no mortal ever did before him. One hour found him planning amateur theatricals; the next he figured as the manager of a circus company; again he was the director of an ocean steamship line; then he was confidential adviser to the Secretary of the Treasury, and had himself just taken up a 100,000,000 dols. loan.

Outside of Washington City, I do not think I ever saw a man so thoroughly satisfied with himself. Who can deny, then, that this man was far better off than he ever was when sane?

"Oh, he's the happiest man alive," said every one with whom I talked.

* * *

Looking into Liberty Hall an hour later, Hawkins saw me.

"Where have they taken It?" he asked, in a whisper.

Not having the faintest idea what he meant, and

anxious to avoid any reference to his nephew, I hastened to reply—

"I don't know."

"They might have spared It for my sake," muttered Hawkins to himself, looking down at the floor. "When It is here I am so contented that I don't think of my dear lost nephew."

"It? What it?" I asked in sheer desperation, to forestall his chronic state of grief.

"Don't you know It?" he asked, with new animation, his eyes brightening as he spoke.

"No," I replied hesitatingly. "What or who?"

"Why—." But he suddenly checked himself, sneaked to the door leading to the corridor, looked cautiously out, returned, put his mouth close to my ear, and whispered, "Hercules!"

I was utterly dumbfounded, and stammered out something I do not now recall. His tongue ran on,—

"It! Hercules! Hercules is an IT!" Then, running his eyes around the room and its lunatic occupants, he said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "We're all ITS!"

I got him to a chair and hurried away.


I wandered about the corridor, thinking,—

“Such a name in this dreadful place, *νῆ Δῆα*, I will know who this Hercules is!”

The long dreary hours of that afternoon!

There was nothing to be seen out of the windows: the grounds were as silent as a cemetery. Within there were neither illustrated papers nor books; and no comfortable place or position at or in which to read them had they been at hand. No games were anywhere to be seen, neither chess, checkers, nor dominoes, and it was not until three evenings later that a pack of greasy cards was produced by the caterer.

No book should be written without an effort to accomplish some slight good. Right here therefore I wish to urge the formation, in every town and city in this land, of a ladies' society for the collection of illustrated papers and periodicals, to be placed in the asylums and alms-houses of their counties. One of the most gratifying events following close upon this journalistic adventure was



the organization in the case of New York and Brooklyn, of societies which are engaged in the distribution of papers and books among the destitute. Boxes for the collection of clothing and other articles have been placed in all the railway carriages and must bear the inscription —

BOOKS IN PAPERS DESTROYED FOR THE
 BY THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE
 BENEFIT OF THE POOR

The papers and magazines deposited in the car at the Grand Central Railway Depot alone frequently aggregate one thousand per week. These clear messengers of sympathy from kind hearts shed a more welcome light into the dreariest of worlds than all the prayers of Christendom—and my pray for the insane?

A supper of tea and bread, without butter, closed the day. As the twilight deepened into darkness the tiny jets of gas were lit, and the corridor became the dreariest place out of Hades. The night

closed in, and I was again locked up to endure the misery and wretchedness of an intimate association with the howling madmen in the cellar.

During the afternoon I had acquired a very important "point" in the possession of a small hardwood toothpick, which I had discovered between the lining of my coat. Soon thereafter I had been able to secure a soiled scrap of a newspaper. These were two very important acquisitions. For the entire details of my stay in Bedlam I intended to rely solely upon my memory; but I must by some means carry out with me a diagram of the interior, and the dates of all important events:

Long and anxiously I waited until quiet reigned throughout the building. Then I climbed up to the window. Carefully stretching the paper across two of the iron bars, I found that the position of a puncture in the paper could be clearly distinguished by the faint and tiny ray of moonlight which entered through it. Strange as it may seem, what word to practise on was the next difficulty that presented itself—although the great sea of our English vocabulary was open before me. I thought of my

nother's name—but that would be irreverent: then, of another feminine name, but that was one I still less liked to tamper with. I might have hesitated until daylight, had not the pleasant face and name of Dinfor's "star" come before my mind's eye. And when

W E T T L E

was finally picked in the paper, not even Dinfor himself could have beheld her autograph with more delight than did I my tooth-pick creation.*

* * *

I was late at breakfast in the morning.

The doors of all the cells had been unlocked after the rising-bell was rung. While I was dressing, after the last summons had been sounded, a

* Even now the author is unable to explain why he should have thought only of feminine names; but having dedicated this book to Truth at the outset, he says that he does not care to step aside now to account for so trifling a circumstance.—EDITOR.

man unceremoniously opened my door, entered, and began to make up my cot. I was about to ask him to defer his labours for a few minutes, when he looked at me and scowled. I then saw that he was the patient who, only a few days before, had bitten off a comrade's nose. I changed my mind: without saying a word, I gave this chamber-man a wide berth. The intrusion of this dangerous character was encouraged by the attendants, because he saved them labour and trouble. He was a thoroughly incompetent and unfit person to be entrusted with the care of the rooms, and he looked more repulsive on that morning, because of his recently cropped head and his unshaven face. He emptied all the slops into the bath-tub, and yet the attendants thought it strange that even the most weak-minded patients disliked to take a bath. Several instances were seen where the choice was given a patient to take a dip in that tub, or to wear a strait-jacket for a day—and the preference was always given to the latter.

During the visit of Doctor Quotidian on this morning, I renewed a request made on the previous

day to have a newspaper ordered for me, and repeated the assurance that the bill would be paid by my friends. The physician had, on the former occasion, promised faithfully that the request should be acceded to; but this morning he admitted in the blindest manner, that he had only "put me off," and never had had the slightest intention of fulfilling his promise.

"We never order newspapers for a patient unless their friends so direct," he concluded.

I admitted that this was, possibly, a fair regulation, but asked why he had not told me so on the previous day, in order that I might have taken means to communicate with my friends.

At this the brute laughed in my face.

I did not know why he laughed then, but I did afterwards, when I found that it was impossible to send to the outside world either messages or letters of the most harmless or trifling character. This was what had rendered my remark so humorous.

I followed him to the door still entreating him to do something about the matter, but he laughed as cynically as before. I never wanted to strike "an

image of the Almighty" so intensely; but I did not do it. I had to endure insult and abuse, resenting them, for I had spirit enough to resist, and I impel me to do an act so natural, I should have passed a few days in a dark cell and a jacket.

I had scarcely seen the doctor vanish behind the closed door, before I witnessed a sight which destroyed all my self-control, and, I confess, that moment shook my better judgment.

The old Senator was suddenly thrust out of the hall leading into the extension, and behind him came an attendant, who alternately pushed him with his hands, and kicked him with his knee. Reeling on a bench, the lost statesman was rudely jammed into a sitting posture. Before he had recovered from the shock which a fall of that kind would have done to a man of his build, he was struck by the attendant with his open hand, first upon one side of his head and then upon the other. The blows were inflicted with every evidence of passion on the attendant's part, and were administered because the unfortunate patient had himself protested against the ru-

n which he, an infirm old man, had been hustled across the hall.

“O! this is too dreadful,” exclaimed Bullion, who stood near me. “I’ll telegraph to God!”

I turned with a look of horror at the supposed blasphemy of the man, but never saw I more earnest, anxious, pitying face.

For a moment I had forgotten where I was.

Later in the day, I learned from the caterer, that the Senator had annoyed the attendant about a game of cards. Truly a grave offence!

I then secured a promise from the caterer, that on a future occasion he would lend me his old pack of cards in order that I might indulge the Senator’s harmless wish.

Dinner, or the mid-day meal, was announced.

The time between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the mess-room door was always long, but it was more dreary than usual on this day. Never having had enough to eat at any one meal, I was always hungry before the next was served.

These dinners were peculiarly informal affairs. The boards of the rough pine-table were always

greasy, and smelled of sour dish-water. There were no cloths, because the attendants would not have appreciated them: there were no napkins, for the simple reason that the keepers had never used them, and the most refined patient did not dare to ask for such a simple luxury. A plate with a morsel of food upon it, a saucer of rice or custard, and a glass of water—without any ice—were placed before each diner. Soup was never served in either ward of the Asylum. There was no butter, the excuse being that “it would make the patients bilious.” Such a flimsy subterfuge could not have been urged against soup, which is neither expensive nor unhealthy, and, as a delicacy, so delighted in by all sick persons that it is one of the articles of food most in use by family physicians in ordinary practice.

There were no courses. The entire bill of fare could be gleaned, item by item, from the plate and saucer before me. There I saw a dinner—served *à la jumble*.

Menu.

Poisson.—White, boiled, with most of the scales

on and otherwise poorly cleaned ; swimming in a thick, mud-coloured sauce of glutinous consistency.

Légumes.—Potatoes, mashed but full of hard chunks, all improperly cooked. Tomatoes stewed, very thin and watery, and tasting of the tin can.

Hors-d'œuvre.—Bread, one thin slice, plastered upon a pyramid of mashed potatoes, cemented with stewed tomatoes and fish gravy.

Dessert.—Rice, boiled dry, without sauce or sugar.

Water,—with “a bead on it.”

Neither coffee, tea, nor chocolate was served after the dessert, and I had to ask several times before I was permitted to have any sugar for my rice.

How long would the sloppiest city boarding-house mistress keep her apartments full on such fare, at even half the prices?—and I ask any of them who may happen to be among my audience.

The patients were expected to devour this disgusting mixture without remonstrance, and, as a

matter of record, showing the efficacy of the discipline, not a word of complaint was heard. Patients who were slow eaters were ordered to "hurry up" in the most brutal manner.

The food was dealt out in a most ungenerous manner, and, after what had been served upon the plate was despatched, nothing more was to be had, except upon very rare occasions.

* * *

The meal was nearly ended, when a footstep was heard in the corridor, and an instant later a man of gigantic frame strode through the door and took a seat at the heretofore vacant place on my right. So startled was I at this apparition that I could not even give myself a clear idea of the man. He was more than six feet high, broad-shouldered, lithe and powerful. The face possessed a peculiarly graceful outline, the forehead was well-developed, and the cleanly-shaven chin and cheeks dimpled when he smiled. The nose was straight and sharp; the jet black hair, so scrupulously dressed, contrasted with the ghastly pallor of his countenance. The eyes were of uncertain colour, restless, dangerous. The

th—that most important feature for the determination of character—was a riddle: it was firmly set, as if the teeth were clenched; but whether I saw real determination and strong will, or only stubbornness, could not be guessed.

The new-comer sat quietly in his place, eating calmly and with all the propriety possible at such a meal. I noticed, too, that every patient at that table felt more at ease after his coming. There was a freemasonry between the tall stranger and even the veriest imbecile. He bowed to each and every one, and critically inspected the faces of his guests as if they were his wards and he their guardian. Especially did I observe the childish selfishness expressed in the countenance of my English friend, Hawkins. The old man welcomed his opponent much as he doubtless would have received his nephew. And soon I saw at least one cause for his attitude. While the attendant's face was turned to the act of drawing a glass of water, the stranger passed half of his bread across to Dr. Otto's place, emptied most of his rice into Hawkins's dish. Neither of these persons seemed conscious of

the gift. His cold, restless eyes were constant upon the attendants, and I could see that even mesmeric power of this shattered mind was felt.

Such a man was Hercules.

After a time he observed me, as a new arrival around the circle; but after a sad, sympathetic glance he went on with his dinner.

Now the attendants began to clear away dishes, and, to avoid being ordered out, I crossed over the bench on which I had been sitting and walked into the corridor.

I had not long to wait before Hercules made his appearance. Passing me without notice, he went into the sitting-room, where he cordially shook hands with all the inmates. Doctor Otto, the old German professor, appeared perfectly oblivious as to my presence; but as he was saluting him; but as the tall muscular man lovingly held the delicate palm of the frail-bodied student, for a moment there was a transfusion of nervous power. In like manner as the flickering taper of life is rekindled by the injection into the veins of warm oxygenated blood, I here saw dim mental faculties brightened.

lly an instant did this scene last, however ;
ticing the crouching figure of an idiot in a
the giant picked him up, as if he were a doll,
posited him in the easiest position possible on
the wretched settees. Poor Bytheway Brown ;
his arms around his benefactor's neck as
gly as a child clings to a parent. This was an
mercy of the purest and most exalted nature,
idea of changing his unnatural posture would
have occurred to miserable Bytheway, and he
have remained in his bent-up shape until he
erally fainted from pain and fatigue. I had
im, on the previous day, stand motionless in a
with his face to the wall from dinner until
-time.

egan to realize what a true Samaritan this
es was. Although he had not discretion
1 to shape his course for his own best
ts, there was not a creature in all that build-
worthless that this insane shadow of John
d thought him beneath his notice or unworthy
re. Indeed, more than once—viewed in his
royed and indestructable humanity—he sug-

gested to my mind a true picture of the elder Pinel, moving like an angel of grace, mercy, and peace through the dreadful Parisian mad-house of Bicêtre—entering alone the dens of the most desperate cases, striking off their chains, and, like a little child, leading the furious creatures out into the sunshine, “from night into light.”

Filled with such thoughts, I took a seat in the corridor whence I could look into “Liberty Hall,” when I was gratified to see the tall stranger—who had already assumed the place of a hero in my heart—approaching. He sat down by my side.

Looking me in the face, kindly, as he ran his hand across his brow, he opened the conversation.

“A hopeless existence here,” he began; “but I could be happy enough were I only granted the privilege of taking care of my *protégés* in my own way. God knows I love *them*, love you all. I have tried to render this place more endurable, but I find it thankless work—not thankless from the poor souls, but from the desperate wretches who keep them here. A lost soul sees enough misery without enduring all the doubts and fears of an eternity in

purgatory. After you have been here a hundred years or more you will realize how little is known about such places as heaven, purgatory, and hell in the world where we used to live. I remember it all clearly enough now, although it must have been many thousands of years ago. I had a happy home and family in that pleasant world. I was grateful to God for so many joys, and when the doctor one day told me that I had only a moment to live, I didn't pray for my own soul but vowed that in purgatory or hell I would devote eternity to lessening the miseries of the damned. I have kept my word, young stranger ! I have been their friend ; now let me be yours ?”

I gave him my hand : I was not able to answer. Bidding me be of good heart, this strange man rose and walked away.

I then fully realized for the first time how terrible must be the reflections, how wild the despair, of a sane man condemned to exile among these maddened souls, after a physician had, in answer to his pleadings and his protests, toyed with his pulse and postponed

for a more convenient season a careful examination of his condition, or even the most ordinary inquiries regarding his history. Imprisoned by due process of law, the victim, perhaps, of a base conspiracy in which physicians had been bribed or duped, and the magistrate had blindly put faith in strangers, forced to acknowledge the triumph of his foes, despairing of ultimate deliverance, losing faith in his fellow-man and doubting his God; a sane man thus imprisoned could not fail soon to become, under the morbid influences of such a place, a maniac in fact as well as in name.

I saw an attendant, with a whitewash brush in his hand, at the further end of the corridor. I went to him.

"How long has Brown been here?" I asked.

"Nearly eleven years," he replied.

"You must be mistaken," said I. "He told me that he came 'only yesterday.'"

"Nearly all of them are touchy about the length of time they have been here," replied the attendant sneeringly.

"Does that indicate that even the lowest cases are susceptible either to feelings of shame or pride?" I inquired.

"It indicates nothing," was the snappish reply; "it only shows that they are all a tricky and deceitful pack of scoundrels."

Not wishing to prolong the interview, I ended it then and there.

* * *

Supper had passed and the time had arrived when the caterer had promised to lend me a pack of cards. The Senator, Frisco, Thaddeus, and I were to make up the party. Frisco was the nephew of a great railway king on the Pacific coast; Thaddeus was the sad-eyed young man with the pink whiskers. The game of whist was chosen at the request of the Senator; for my part I thought one game would do as well as another, and I did not expect to witness any exhibition of skill among the players. Throwing round for partners, the cards decided that Frisco and I were to play the Senator and his "sad-eyed" companion. My partner won the deal from the

Senator, by cutting a tray. Frisco shuffled, then dealt four to each player and—stopped.

“Go on,” urged the Senator impatiently.

Frisco started up, as if from a reverie, resumed the dealing, and finally exhausted the pack—a small club becoming the trump card.

It was Thaddeus’ lead. He studied his hand until the Senator nudged him under the table, after which he played the ten of diamonds. I, as second hand, tossed on the tray of the suit; the Senator had, apparently, only a seven for ‘high,’ and Frisco slammed down the ten of clubs, muttering—“Seven and three are ten, two tens with ‘big casino,’” and, placing the trick in front of him, he faced a card, as he whispered, “A sweep.”

Before leading back, Frisco looked at the table several times; when, seeing us all waiting for him, he mechanically laid down the four of diamonds—in utter violation of the best known rule of whist. Thaddeus followed with the jack of spades—much to my surprise, for if he were short of diamonds, why didn’t he trump? His partner did not interfere, and I certainly was not there to start a dispute.

I quietly played the ace of diamonds, and as the Senator had a small one, I won the trick. Before I could take up the cards the pink-whiskered man at my right, raked them all in with the joyful exclamation :—“ Hurrah for my Left.” The Senator at once disputed Thaddeus’ right to the trick, and adjudged it mine. As I pushed it across to my partner, he winked again in the same self-satisfied air—as if he were cheating somebody—and, facing a card as before, laid this trick upon the other.

The doubt on my colleague’s face was now understood : *he* was playing casino, and (another discovery succeeded this one in an instant), the sad-eyed man was amusing himself at euchre.

Seeing the perplexity which this curious discovery awakened in me and not knowing its true cause, the Senator said, aside, “ Don’t bother to explain anything to them—they’re lunies : we are the only hard-heads at the table.”

It was now my lead, and as I had the ace and king of spades I concluded to try that suit. I led the ace and without the slightest hesitation the Senator trumped with a tray. My partner tossed down the

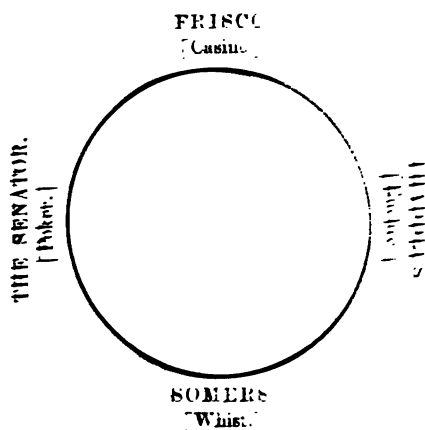
five of the trump suit, and Thaddeus followed my lead like an honest man. It was Frisco's trick, and I could see that he was bubbling over with glee at our success. I handed the cards to him, he winked as before, faced one as he muttered, "Three sweeps and big casino."

The lead again belonged to my colleague. He did not require any waking, but at perfect random as it seemed, played the right suit—a small heart. Thaddeus, contrary to Hoyle, played the queen. I had the king in my fingers and was about to toss it on the table when my attention was suddenly diverted from the game to the Senator. His face was expressionless as the Sphinx. He held only five cards in his hand—the other five had disappeared—and he did not seem to intend to play. The others grew as restless and gazed at him with as much surprise as I. Not a word was spoken, and the tableau remained unchanged until the Senator gravely said,—

"I raise it a hundred."

Then, lowering his nose, as if looking over a pair of eye-glasses, he glanced unconcernedly around the group.

Prior to that moment in the game there had been at least two sane whist-players; but the Senator's wandering mind had now returned to the "lang syne" haven of "buff."



The idiosyncrasies of Frisco and Thaddeus had not startled me, for they had exposed their weakness in the first hand: but now even the Senator had been added to their mysterious zone.

A horrible shudder ran over me, and I clutched my cards convulsively—counted and re-counted them to make sure that I, at least, knew what game

I was playing, and that my mind had not deserted me.

"You all stay out?" queried the Senator, observing, although wrongly interpreting, the expression upon my countenance. "I'll make it a jack-pot, if you say so?"

Frisco grinned in his sickening fashion; Thaddeus laughed outright.

"We'll get the cards and spades," said my partner to me.

"Take it, if you have to use the Right," suggested Thaddeus to his colleague.

"If you all stay out the money is mine," said the Senator, as he quietly bunched his hand and reached for an imaginary pot in the middle of the table.

While the old man's attention was diverted, I reached over and took up his hand. He had saved "a full"—three queens and two aces.

"The trick can't be yours, unless you trump it," said Thaddeus sneeringly.

"That's so," muttered Frisco doubtfully,—without the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

"I'll teach you a game worth two of yours,"

fairly hissed the Senator, leaning forward to slap his partner in the face.

An attendant came running into the room, seized the cards, and dispersed the party.

Thus began, progressed, and ended the strangest game at cards in which I ever joined.

The abrupt close of our sport was soon followed by the order to go to bed.

* * *

I had now prepared everything for the beginning of my work upon a diagram of the mad-house's interior. A large stiff piece of newspaper had been surreptitiously obtained and hidden away during the day, and the number of the doors in both halls had been carefully counted. I was no sooner locked up, therefore, than I began the work, and prosecuted it long into this and each of the two following nights. When completed, the diagram formed a large and rough original from which the cut on a preceding page was made. During each night, as I stood at the window working patiently with the wooden bodkin at long intervals, I heard stray lines of a low and mournful song. A lost soul bewailing

its hopeless doom. Through the long night I heard it, and, like a lullaby, it soothed me to rest.

On the dreary morning, after my first night's work, I was sitting at a window in the Liberty Hall, and by my side was Doctor Otto. After many acts of kindness—shown the invalid in every manner in my power—I had on this occasion succeeded in shaking him by the hand and in seeing him smile. His was not a smile of intelligence, but of thankfulness, such as he gave to Hercules—who loved and worshipped the old German professor “because of his fame in the other world,” and the great benefits which he, dead, had left to poor humanity.

The old Professor enjoyed better health than might have been expected; but, morally speaking, his case seemed desperate—incurable. His mental condition was very strange. He appeared to no longer take any part in this world; he spoke to nobody, recognized nobody, but always seemed planning with, following, and talking to imaginary beings. The persons by whom he was surrounded appeared to him as nonentities—he looked at them, yet did not appear to see them. He seemed to

suffer if his vision was obstructed by a living being while he pondered; when a human voice reached his ear he seemed to treat it as a sound from another world; he was only contented when alone, and communing with his familiar invisibles. When, occasionally, the doctor did approach, and asked the patient as to his health, he always replied, "Oh, I'm well," then turned his back, and walked away.

The Professor and I were looking out into the little yard, enclosed by the fence and the wing of the building. There two frantic madmen were seen dashing their heads against the fence. A grizzly, long-haired man stood upon a bench uttering, with wild gesticulations, a temperance harangue, while an audience of four distempered creatures, seated on the sod before him, applauded by gnashing their teeth and rolling their eyes. Near us, in the room, crouched two of these hybrids—neither human nor devilish, only impish.

Suddenly the silent, ever uncomplaining sufferer at my side turned and looked into my face. His eyes were clear, and Reason looked out through

them. His whole face then took a cast of horror and despair.

“O * * * mein * * * Gott!”—were the words he uttered.

The most reverential, supplicating, sorrowful prayer that mortal dying ever lisped, or living heard.

Then, the expression of beseeching sympathy, of sudden hope, of horror at his position, of dread for the future, and of rational sensibility, faded from the eyes, as I, helpless and mute, sat with the burning tears running down my cheeks. His gaze was no longer at me, but through me, and beyond. The shudder that ran over his frame communicated its awful reality to me. The sad countenance changed as though a shadow crossed it, and that terribly heart-broken look of unfathomably hopeless despair was succeeded by the old smile—so devoid of appeal for sympathy, so absent of all hope, so lost to all care.

I had seen that most dreadful crisis in a lunatic's life—the rational moment in which he first realized his lost condition.

I turned away, feeling a terror I had never known before. In front stood old Hawkins, who, unknown to me, had been watching us.

Pointing to the fallen man whom I had just left, he said, as usual,—

“Look at It.” Again he chuckled, “Look at It.”

In every man's heart there is an abyss into which he dares not look; and no one dies without having at some moment of his life glanced once into this dark depth and wished he had never been born. At such a moment there can be only one thought: Let the end come quickly.”

The Count became daily a more interesting study. He was of the highly suspicious type, and it was therefore very difficult at first to get acquainted with him. On one of “the red-letter dinner” days—when tarts were served for dessert—the caterer had not served the Count with any, and, without the slightest hesitation, reaching across the table, took mine. Instead of making any complaints, he doubtless supposed I would, I pretended not

to notice the act, and contented myself with hal a dinner, in hopes of currying favour with the ungenial man. I found it impossible, however, to obtain another ration for myself, the attendants intimating that I ought to have resorted to a fight if necessary, to recapture the food. On the following day I divided my pudding with the Count, and at the succeeding breakfast gave him half of my bread. The consequence was, that in four days the imaginary nobleman and I were on fair speaking terms.

* * *

I now learned that preparations were making for the usual visit of the Board of Trustees. The early hour at which the patients had been hurried off to bed on the previous evening was explained when I saw that the walls had been whitewashed during the night. This afternoon, while the patients were all locked up together in the front room the floors of the entire building were scrubbed, and at night each "boarder" slept in a damp cell.

The visitors came on the following day. When I saw them crossing the lawn I took my seat in a

corner of the corridor where I could escape special observation, for several years, expecting to find a gatherer about the clock and bringing up some new contact with them. I never met any.

First entered Jefferson Davis, superintendent of the Thin Skin Company, "the owner" of the Trustee of the Young Men's Association. Out of his pocket under the microscope I brought an article on political reform, which I had been thinking would have read well before I met him. The Superintendent of Buildings, offering a bribe of 200 dollars for the privilege of erecting a tenement house for the poor, which would not comply with the law in respect to fire-escape. He was the "bogus" patron of art, the lover of a great artist now dead, booster of a nation's commerce in with the President upon the tariff-tariff question—altogether, he was the embodiment of vanity and superciliousness. The national authorities of New York knew him so well that even the most population had taken the measure of his humanity. He opened and looked into several bells as if to see that the doors were properly on their hinges: he

gazed at the wretched quarters in which the patients were fed, and forgot that when he was an apprentice boy he was lodged better for two dollars a week than were his present wards for ten times as much. He passed the Senator without a nod of recognition, although I remembered that he had, only a few years before, "lobbied" for a whole week in Washington to secure an invitation to one of the old gentleman's grand dinners at Welcker's. But that was time past, and the Senator had probably given his last reception.

By his side walked Rodney Rondaway, Managing Director of the China Bank, prim, neat, polite, a man of the world without dissimulation. He appeared to be anxious to complete the examination in order to return to Wall Street before the third call of the Stock Exchange. His face was frank and confident; he would have organized a "corner" against his best friend in the same off-hand manner in which he would have subscribed a hundred dollars for a charitable purpose, or risked triple the amount upon a favourite yacht, or a "call" at Morrissey's. Decidedly a man of caprice, although

he did not acknowledge the fact, all his good and bad actions were governed by it. Therefore it is due to him to say that had the thought entered his mind he would have inquired after the health of each sufferer, and, while the humour lasted, would have made an effort to correct all abuses which had been brought to his notice. As it was, however, he merely glanced at the chairs and benches to see if they were broken, but passed the patients without asking if their heads were broken. The furniture was capital, while the sick men were only raw material out of which prospective dividends were to be realized : one cost money but the other could be had for the asking.

The third director was a man of different mould. Carelessly dressed, from a brown felt hat to a badly shined pair of shoes, he bore the stamp of a man of heart rather than of head. I saw at once that he had come with the desire to ascertain the exact condition of the establishment, that he respected the few rights which poor lunatics should possess, and that to him the human face became no less divine when Reason had forsaken it. There was nothing

in the man's manner or dress to commend him to his colleagues, but there was everything in his face to invite the confidence of the frail shadows who saw in his smile the written language of his heart. And because he was such a man, Doctor Quotidian hung like Mephistopheles to the arm of Faust, and by his presence defeated every attempt on the part of the invalids to whisper even one little prayer for pity into their willing benefactor's ear.

Thus they came and went,—the first two like fleeting shadows, recked not of whether going or coming; the third like a single sunbeam which enters a cellar and for a moment hovers over a drooping plant, thence to pass across the floor until it vanishes without leaving any mark behind.

They descended the spiral stairway at the end of the extension, and were gone: the inspection had occupied exactly three minutes !

Nothing promotes more effectually the good working of a lunatic asylum than the frequent visits of its managers or directors, who should spend hours—not minutes—in familiar conversation and association

th the insane, listening to their remarks and learning their wants. There is a very false impression at neither the remarks of an insane person nor his complaints are worthy of attention ; but it is a positive fact—and I am assured of this by one of the most experienced doctors of the insane in Europe, and one of the ablest in America—that lunatics are not only very accurate in their statements concerning the material facts which come under their immediate notice, but also that when cured they usually retain a very correct and vivid recollection of the events which occurred during their confinement in asylum, and of the treatment they there received. The information thus obtained may be highly important to the managers, and it would be of the greatest value to the physicians of the institution in their daily practice.

No proper asylum or hospital for the treatment of insanity can exist without strict adherence to a well-considered system of classification. As will be seen hereafter, there was little pretence of anything of the kind at Baldric's. The proof of this does not, necessarily, rest upon the assertions of the writer ;

it lies in the fact that he, feigning nothing, appearing a quiet person, without even eccentricities, visited by an "expert" physician, and constantly watched by "professional" keepers, was kept days in the excited wards, surrounded by dangerous maniacs, without suggestion of removal.

Baldric's had always been considered a place for "genteel" lunatics, and however much a patient might suffer from bad treatment at this asylum for paupers on Blackwell's Island, the friends of the more fortunate inmates of Baldric's might find peace. Here was an aristocratic insane asylum with pleasant grounds, bowling alleys, and every means of making a patient's time pass agreeably. Here were supposed to be books and papers, easy chairs, skilled physicians and kind nurses—the very paradise of Bedlams. But, once suspiciously aroused, the Press forced the doors—for nothing the public deserves to know can be effectually barred against the Press any more, neither Central Asia nor a Russian march on Khiva, nor the judgment of a German *Kammergericht*, nor the secrets of

United States' Senate Chamber. And then the paradise of Bedlams was a paradise no longer.

The learned doctors were there to go their rounds, feel the pulses, and slight their patients; the kind nurses were indifferent and harsh; the grounds were a tantalizing sight to the prisoners behind grated doors; the bowling alleys were for the doctors and nurses maybe, certainly forbidden to a portion of the patients; the food was neither good nor clean; the beds were bad; the rooms were damp; the baths were filthy. That was what a patient got for twenty dollars a week.

* * *

I have since had a very interesting talk with a London physician, recognized as an authority upon the subject of insanity, and among other strange ideas which he holds is one especially interesting at this point. He alludes to madness, nearly all of the ingenious and daring business ventures which have made so many fortunes in late days; asserting that success is due to the latent, though unrecognized or undetected, seeds of insanity in the system. It is, indeed, well calculated to startle us, to be assured

that insanity does not always manifest itself in mental weakness—as usually understood—but that occasionally the first alarming symptoms of brain dissolution are to be detected in the sudden development of an abnormal quickness of perception and readiness of intelligent speech. The *reductio ad absurdum* test, as applied to such a theory, has already been pointed out in The Prologue, but the physician to whom I refer does not hesitate to grapple with the simple proposition in all its difficulties, and to insist that both theory and rule have their exceptions.*

These words are only prefatory to what I have

* If I am not at fault, Dr. Maudsley has also given some attention to this very point. In his "Responsibility in Mental Diseases," he says: "There can be little, if any, doubt in the minds of those who do not subscribe to the Mohammedan faith, that an epileptic seizure was the occasion of Mohammed's first vision and revelation, and that, deceived or deceiving, he made advantage of his distemper to beget himself the reputation of a divine authority. The character of his vision was exactly of that kind which medical experience shows to be natural to epilepsy. Similar visions, which are believed in as realities and truths by those who have them, occur not unfrequently to epileptic patients confined in asylums. For my part, I would as soon believe there was deception in the trance that converted Saul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle, as believe that Mohammed at first doubted the reality of the events which he saw in his vision."

since learned regarding an incident in Bullion's life, which occurred within a fortnight of his incarceration. The story has no special reference to the learned theory evolved above.

During the few days of financial distrust which preceded the great panic which caused the fall of the house of Bullion and Co., the equally well-known firm of Nogood Brothers, stock-brokers, had been regarded with growing suspicions. They owed \$3000 (£600) to Bullion and Co., and the head of the last-named firm, having heard the rumours, had found it impossible to sell their paper even at a ruinous sacrifice. He knew that if the usual collector were sent, he would precipitate their failure and get no money. So, when their note fell due, he put on his hat, and strolled into the office of Nogood Brothers. They received him courteously, and, without his asking, handed him a cheque upon the Twentieth National Bank—a thoroughly solvent institution, but in a distant part of the city. The old broker was almost thrown off his guard by their suavity of manner, but he lost no time in driving up town to the Twentieth—where he was, of course.

personally unknown—and, entering, presented his check.

The paying cashier, having scrutinized the draft and looked into his ledger, said,—

“Messrs. Nogood Brothers’ balance at credit, just at this moment, will not cover this draft.”

“Does that make any difference in dealing with such a well-known firm as Nogood Brothers?” Bullion asked indifferently.

“We make it an invariable rule, sir, with all depositors, never to advance money except upon special conditions understood by us both. Our rules are absolute in this respect, I assure you; otherwise so small an overdraft as \$75 would not prevent us from accommodating the house of Bullion and Co., to whose order I see the check is drawn,” answered the paying cashier incautiously.

“It is probable that Nogood Brothers did not expect me to present the draft until they could have time to make good their credit balance,” said Bullion, as if perfectly satisfied. “I’ll call in after lunch, when I am sure they will have provided for this check.” Bullion saw that the bank was about

to throw Nogood Brothers overboard, and his course was decided upon instantly. He went out of the front door and re-entered the bank by another, from a side street. He stepped to a desk, filled out the usual memorandum, and, taking a hundred-dollar note from his pocket, calmly walked up to the receiving teller and made a deposit to the credit of the tottering firm. The paying desk was on the other side of the room, and a stained glass partition intervened. No questions were asked; the money was taken, and the receiving cashier, without even looking at the depositor, passed out the usual voucher. Bullion went out, sauntered twice round the adjacent square, and then presented his check at the paying cashier's counter. He received his money exactly an hour before the doors of Nogood Brothers closed—losing a hundred and saving twenty-nine hundred dollars.

This clever transaction—honourable enough, as business goes,—was but the precursor of the wretched mental state which set in a week later, and landed him at Baldric's.

Suddenly the Count began to loom up as a cha-

racter. Prior to this time he had not especially attracted my attention, and I had begun to think that my slight courtesies had been wasted upon him.

A startling piece of news had been brought into the Lodge this morning, by Carrot, to the effect that a former patient, who had been sent home because his friends could no longer pay his keeping, had set fire to his house and burned up his family. The Count introduced the subject to me after breakfast as we sat near each other, and startled me by the sneering way in which he exclaimed,—

“Ridley is one of us. Of course, he’s not responsible for his acts either to God or man.” And then he laughed in that wildly triumphant tone, heard only when a maniac knows real joy.

There was more infidelity in that devilish jeer than in all the atheistical books ever printed.

“For instance,” said he, turning to me, “if I should feel inclined to throw you down at this moment and gnaw your jugular vein asunder, the law could do nothing with me.”

“Very true,” said I, with all the coolness at my

command, but feeling an acute desire to change the subject, as I saw the ugly glare of his eyes.

Fortunately there passed us at this moment a new face—strange in its singular brightness—whose story I shall tell at this point. He was an epileptic, and, although quartered in another hall, roamed at will through the entire buildings. He was a quiet, decorous man of perhaps fifty years of age; carried a pass-key, shaved himself, and took entire care of both himself and his wardrobe. He left the building alone whenever he pleased, without telling or asking any one either as he departed or returned, and passed entire days walking about the crowded streets of the city. Staunton seemed to be clear-headed, and I only learned weeks afterward, when too late to aid him, that for several years the physicians had, by depriving him of money, prevented him from visiting his relatives in a neighbouring State, and that he was bound by a pledge made to them—considered by him dishonourable to break—not to go without their permission. The asylum authorities by making to his friends such statements as they pleased, induced them to believe that every

statement of fact regarding his sanity, which he wrote them in his communications, was additional proof of his insanity. The management insisted that the absence of any complaints was a guarantee of the perfection of their establishment. But regarding this man I have to-day a more startling fact to state than any other that came under my notice.

The narrative of my stay in the Baldric Asylum as first published, contained a complete exhibit of the statistics of the institution, its receipts, expenditures, and profits (showing, by the way, a net income of 9848*l.* 16*s.* 0*d.* per annum, after all deductions) which were obtained in an underground manner by another attaché of the journal which I served, and which I have every reason for believing came from a subordinate in the employ of the asylum, who sold his information at his own price. However this may be, I am satisfied that this patient was innocent of any complicity in the transaction.

The unusual liberties which he had been granted, however, made him the object of suspicion, and I have every reason for thinking that his movements

were carefully watched by a private detective, or an employé of the institution. About two weeks after the exposé, as I was walking down Broadway, Staunton stopped me, and, in a rather longer conversation than I thought advisable, thanked me for the reforms which the escapade had already effected. This meeting must have been seen and a part of our talk overheard by some employé, professional or otherwise, of the Baldric Asylum.

The result of this encounter, or the like indiscretion of telling that he had met me, was that this man, who had had his liberty as a sane patient for months, was actually kidnapped and hustled off to an asylum in another part of the State, where he has remained closely imprisoned as a desperate lunatic ever since. I make this last charge with the full facts in my possession.

There was no change in his demeanour so far as diligent inquiry, made through the medium of a nurse who has since been friendly to me, can elicit.

I have also learned since that a patient named Estrada, had been confined in the Baldric Asylum as long as his board was paid. His friends failing

to furnish the means, he was sent to Blackwell's Island Asylum, where he was kept several weeks, and then discharged by the physician because he was perfectly sane.

* * *

After Staunton had conversed a few moments with Harmony, he departed: the Count resumed his conversation, and I was gratified to hear that he had changed the subject. I moved out of the reach of the Count's arms, and Harmony took my place. Turning my attention to Bytheway Brown, who was slowly turning himself round in a corner, the two persons near me passed out of my thoughts until my ear detected the confidential voice of the Count as he remarked,—

"I am sure that I'm possessed of devils."

"Why, my dear fellow," said Harmony, in the patronizing tone which he always used when giving counsel to his inferiors, "such a thing is not possible in these days."

"And they take the form of snakes," persisted the man with the imaginary title.

"Quite absurd," reiterated the ex-merchant, rather

answered. "Don't you recollect how all the devils went into a herd of swine, which ran down a steep place into the sea and drowned themselves?"

"True enough, I had forgotten," said the Count, pretending to recollect something which he had never known.

"That was the end of all devils on this earth," declared the late weigner of seas in a tone that forbade further doubt or discussion. He then strolled away to look after the comforts of his guests.

Harmony affected, and indeed possessed, an extensive knowledge of the Bible, which he improved every opportunity to display.

"But I do see them sometimes," said the Count, moving up to me on the bench.

"See what?" I asked rather cautiously.

"Snakes."

"I hope not."

"Yes," he said sadly. "I know that I am going to be sick."

"Oh, no; you are not," I tried to reassure him.

"It is a very curious thing about this *delirium*

tremens," he explained, in a perfectly rational way. "The first symptom of coming trouble is that you see something very disagreeable—generally a snake—lying coiled up on the floor *THERE—watching you*. Now, if you can convince yourself that this awful phenomenon is an effect of the imagination, you are safe. But once you let the idea possess you that it is a real snake—you're gone. Then the dreadful reality drives you wild. It will make any living man crazy to have a snake watching him."

The last sentence struck me as particularly terrible from the way in which it was spoken. It was both declarative and interrogative.

"I have seen it to-day," he continued, trying to reassure himself; "but I have put it down."

He sprang up, and literally rushed away; but the air which swept through the corridor bore me the words,—

"You're not a real snake—not a *real* SNAKE."

Already his mind recognized the presence of his demon, while the faint glimmer of departing reason was seen in the fruitless efforts to cast it off. It

seems to be possible in such cases as this for the mental faculties to struggle a while, and that it is only after the nerves have reproduced this impression a great number of times that reason is overpowered.

The Count disappeared from the table that day. I never saw him again.

He had gone raving mad.

The Count had been quite communicative to Frisco, and had told him much regarding his malady, and the manner in which the dreadful snake-poison had been first taken into his system. Frisco repeated the story to me on the day following the Count's disappearance.

“‘I was in the house of a brother-in-law, who resided in Madison Avenue,’ the Count began,” said Frisco, striking a thoughtful attitude, as though he were trying to recall the exact language. “‘This relative had a mania for relic-hunting, and in his extensive travels had accumulated a large and curious collection of zoological and mineral specimens. He was a thorough scholar, and, although peculiar and selfish, was a highly esteemed member

of several scientific societies. It was his declared intention to present his collection to Columbia College, upon his death. Regarding the care of his specimens, the old gentleman had many original ideas. He insisted that when kept in the light, the delicate hues upon the skins of reptiles, immersed in liquor, gradually faded out until the hide assumed the cream colour or the dark tan shade, seen in all zoological collections. Now, old Hodmandod was not a novice in his business, and was anxious to preserve the colour of his wares until the day of presentation. For that purpose he had a dark closet built in the centre of the third floor of his mansion.' Here the Count rested in his narrative," said Frisco. "'I was recovering from a long illness,' he slowly resumed; 'during which I had been irrational at times, and had required the constant care of a nurse, but I was finally adjudged out of danger. On a fatal afternoon, thinking me asleep, my nurse left the room, locking the door behind him. For days I had suffered from an intolerable thirst, which, in reply to my appeals, the physician vainly tried to assuage with water. No sooner

had my guardian left the apartment, than, forgetting my weak bodily state in the burning desire of the moment, I c-r-a-w-l-e-d out upon the floor: For the first time, I observed a door in the wall, which appeared to lead to the front of the house. It promised freedom! Finding it fastened, however, I wrenched off the leg of a chair, and, having crushed the lock, the door yielded. I sprang forward—only to find myself in a closet without other exit than that by which I had entered. Feeling about the wall for another door, my hands encountered shelves, and, upon them, large jars of glass. Seizing one of the bottles and applying it to my nostrils, I found that it contained the one thing in the whole world that I was searching for—*Alcohol!* There was no light in the place, but my sense of smell was ample guarantee. Wrenching out the large glass stopper, I drank—the deepest, deadliest draught of my life. I drank until a cold and clammy something touched my lips. I staggered to the light, where frigid horror completed my bodily wreck. The jar dropped from my grasp, and *we* (horrible unity!) measured our

length upon the floor—by my side a writhing, slimy SNAKE.’

“Since that day he has seen that serpent. When he is well he pursues it; when he is mad it chases him.”

At the conclusion Frisco burst out into a hysterical laugh, and asking “Isn’t it a joke?” left me alone.

I talked with Hercules about this strange narrative upon the first opportunity. He had already heard it, and merely nodded his head, as he said,—

“Yes; that was the way he died.”

* * *

I obtained paper one afternoon, and, having written a very brief letter to the Uncle, handed it to the physician during his next visit. He promised that it should be posted, and to test that very point was the object in sending it.

After dinner on that day I observed that I was the object of considerable attention from the attendants. I became annoyed after they had apparently dogged my steps for about an hour, and I began to fear that they had in some way or other been apprized of the object of my visit to the estab-

ishment. Instantly I resolved to convince them of the seriousness of my case. Suddenly turning upon an attendant, I abused him to the full capacity of our meagre English language, and had turned to another tongue with which I was slightly familiar, when the fellow threatened me with a strait-jacket and a dark cell. This had the effect of causing me to become a model of sobriety and content. A study of the man's face during the scene convinced me that I was not suspected of sanity: I sought to know only that.

* * *

"I hear very strange wild singing at night," said I to Hercules, as I joined him for a walk in the corridor. "Tell me what it means."

"You have heard poor Anton's requiem to the Past," was the solemn reply. "He sings his mournful hymn exactly at midnight."

"Strange!" I muttered.

"Yes," he said. "For a long time I, too, watched for it, and found no rest until he began. His case is a very bad one: he has not seen the

sunlight for a long, long time. He is said to be very dangerous, although he used to obey me like a child; but, then, it seems such a great while since I have seen him."

"Did he appear much worse when last you saw him?" I inquired.

"Awfully changed," replied Hercules, running on as if communing with his own thoughts. "When I first knew him he was young, and gay, and happy. We were acquaintances in the world; but when I died, I lost sight of him. After I had been here an eternity of time, the ghost of a man, with a young-looking face, entered. He was pale and wan. There was nought, only sorrow, in his countenance. Long hair, prematurely grey, streamed over his shoulders. It was Anton! I rushed to his side, but he had forgotten me. Still, this was not to be wondered at; we had been separated so long. What was his age then? Let me see: he couldn't have been more than three or four hundred years old. Oh, he was young—"

Together we walked the entire length of the hall without either of us breaking the silence.

"Would you care to know more about my friend Anton?" Hercules slowly resumed.

"Indeed I should," was my reply.

"Anton was born in the city of New York, of wealthy parents," began Hercules. "He was a bright child, and developed great aptness in his studies. He soon evinced a wonderful love for music, and before he was grown it became the passion of his soul. There was nothing practical about his nature. He lived in a dream. It seemed fortunate that he was born rich. A poor boy with his delicate temperament would have died young, and by his own hand. There are some beings who were never intended to earn their bread. He was one of these. He had a woman's heart; a man's enthusiasm—impulsiveness. By this I would not indicate that he was indolent, profligate, or vicious. Far from it! He was an exemplary young man—moral, temperate, unselfish. His fancy—or hobby, as it was called—took him abroad, and several years were passed under the tuition of the best German masters. When he returned, his execution of the most difficult music was so marvellous that some of his

friends asked him to give a public exhibition of his skill, hoping thus to divert his mind. He listened to their advice. A hall was engaged, and through the exertions of his acquaintances, aided by a plentiful distribution of complimentary tickets, was well filled. He sat down to the piano, and for the first few minutes his playing was in accordance with the score before him; but gradually all recollection of his surroundings faded away, and, with his eyes cast dreamily toward the ceiling, he launched out into the wildest improvisations. Now he revelled in the maddest transpositions; now the moving, tangible harmonies died away into fairy music. He carried the audience with him. All were spell-bound. All felt that something dreadful might happen, yet none could dispel the lethargy of awe inspired. For a few mortal moments, I tell you, every individual in that audience was MAD. But the crisis came, and excitement gave place to horror. At the climax of a *crescendo*, Anton fell backwards to the floor, hissing and frothing at his mouth. I doubt if any who were there that night can tell how they got home.

"It was a dreadful sight!" exclaimed the narrator, with a shudder.

"Anton came back to consciousness in his own room, but he never asked a question as to how he got there, or what had happened. The papers were carefully kept from him: yet he appeared to know all. From that moment he shunned the world. He became a recluse of the most confirmed class. All his days were passed at home: only rarely did he stroll out in the evening. He declined to play before strangers, and only at long intervals did he gratify the wishes of his family by taking a seat at the piano. He played best at night, when, in utter darkness, he would keep the entire family entranced by weird, melancholy strains. And as Anton proceeded it always happened that he became more and more intoxicated over his masterly and sympathetic interpretation of the music in his soul, until he would drop limp and exhausted into a chair and moan, or sometimes tremble, as he rocked himself with closed eyes oblivious to all the anxiety of his relatives. Music was *his* demon. It haunted him, sleeping or waking; it hounded him to his death."

We stopped in our walk before a bench : Hercules and I sat down.

“When too late, came the efforts to drive out the all-controlling spirit,” continued my companion. “The fated inevitable climax was only precipitated. Anton’s physician ordered that he be kept from the piano. The instrument was locked up in a store-room. Anton’s misery knew no bounds : he mourned its absence as the death of a dear and cherished companion. He grew rapidly worse. He composed and sung for hours at a time a requiem to departed happiness ; he deified the piano and worshipped it. Finally he died. Then he came here. All he brought with him out of the Past was that death-song which, month by month, year by year, has grown shorter, until now nought remains, only the mere fragment which at midnight you’ll hear him sing.”

The story of a single life was finished : there was nothing to be added. The singer and the song had a new fascination for me.

Hercules stood up to leave me, when Harmony approached and politely accosted my companion,—

"What is your height, may I ask?"

"Six feet and two inches," was the respectful reply.

"Thank you: that was exactly my height once," said Harmony, as he bowed and returned to his chair.

I was disposed to smile, until I looked into Hercules' face.

"That's very sad," mused Hercules. "In two or three hundred years that poor fellow won't be anything at all."

He appeared to think much of this incident, for he referred to it several times during that afternoon. It was evident that he implicitly believed the story. I was curious to know at the time whether or not he was troubled with a dread that at some future time he too would grow small. "Trouble does wear a man down," was the last reference he made to the subject as we parted for the night.

Having secured a scrap of paper, with a fine splinter which I had picked out of the floor, I prepared the lines of a musical score; and that

night I secured—in an imperfect form, it is true,—the theme of Anton's tedious song. It is a sample of maniac music, pure and simple, devoid of all romance.



This was the monotonous refrain that Anton sang over and over again to himself—solemn, weird, grotesque—a sort of wailing song, a cry of anguish retold through the long dreary hours of the night like the nun for ever telling her beads. The upper notes were, of course, all he sang, but in my ear the whole sad harmony was ringing as it is here appended; and so these few notes told in my heart

their story of woe, as clearly as Dives' wail for a drop of water indicated the unfathomable bitterness of his anguish and despair.

It was Saturday night, and, as I lay awake listening to Anton's song, I thought of all the peaceful, quiet homes in the great village of Manhattan, of how gladly the tired workman hailed the end of the week, and of the calm solemnity of the coming day.

The night was dreadful as ever—even the sun appeared to rise later because it was Sunday morning.

Before I was fully awakened there came into my cell, through the grated windows, the soft tinkle of a bell. It was evidently very far away, but its murmured monotone came to my ear across the meadows and valleys intervening. I have since learned that it was the convent bell at Fort Washington, two miles distant, announcing a service of thanks for salvation and sanity. But at that moment, as I raised myself upon my elbow to listen, there drifted into my mind a paragraph from an old report of the Baldrice Asylum (for you must

know that the Institution is aged; ay, and that the compilers of its reports are experienced) which read:—"The new City Hall bell is frequently heard at this place: on the evening of February 26th, 1847, its intonations were so distinct and loud that a stranger would have believed it to be in the neighbourhood."* I imagined that I saw the madmen of Forty-odd listening to the tinkle of this bell.

I arose, and, hurriedly dressing, went into the hall.

At the end of the corridor by an open window I saw three silent motionless figures. Sure enough, there they were—listening to the bell—just as they stood thirty years ago!

* * *

A cold and sloppy breakfast. Nothing to read, nothing to do except to sit and meditate upon the future—a dreary day of penance because it happened to be the Sabbath.

* Twenty-fifth Annual Report (1847). The diary for that year would appear to have been written by one of the inmates of the Lodge, if I may judge from the language. In July it is recorded that "There is no appearance of *that* *Gorgon* the potato rot."

A poor idiot who lived in the upper story (Hall XII.), but who messed in the common room of the two halls, and was known by the appellation of "Baby," was cruelly ill-treated that morning. He appeared not to be possessed of sufficient mental power to know when to come to his meals, or how to conduct himself. His walk from the upper hall to the breakfast-table was a journey always made with hesitancy, and after many pauses. He was generally urged forward by Löenecker, his attendant.

On this particular occasion, because "Baby" hesitated rather more than usual to take his place on his bench, this heartless keeper seized the utterly absent-minded boy by the shoulder, and literally threw him across the breakfast-room, past the end of the table, when he again took hold of him and crushed him down upon the bench. The poor fellow uttered not a word of remonstrance, and the attendant at the other end of that table laughed boisterously at the idiot's bewilderment.

I saw at a glance that Hercules had not yet arrived, and, in my heart, I thanked Heaven. Had he been present, there would have been a dreadful

scene, and the noble-hearted man would have paid the price of his humanity by another week in a dark cell, warmed by a strait-jacket and cheered with bread and water.

The hour for chapel came, and, having expressed a desire to attend, I was told to "fall into" a line which formed in Liberty Hall. Already in row I saw Harmony, Bullion, and Frisco. The column passed out through the front door, and across to the main edifice. Entering the basement door, the unbalanced squad moved forward over the stone floor, through a low doorway, past the bakery and kitchen, thence along a low brick-arched corridor, to the extreme southern end of the building. Two flights of stairs brought us to the second-floor above, and a few paces further march landed us in the chapel. Bleak, white and cheerless, such places of worship always are—why cannot they be otherwise? The room was probably forty by eighteen feet, and contained a double row of plain benches, on which were seated about sixty patients of both sexes. This was my first and only sight of the female inmates. A raised platform, at the end farthest from the door,

served for pulpit and choir. A good cabinet-organ, under the charge of a fair young girl, furnished the music, and the singing by the congregation was rather better than I expected. The preacher evidently thought that anything would do for lunatics—or the manager of the asylum, who engaged him, did. We had a sermon about up to the standard of the most imbecile minds present on that occasion. Then followed the prayers, which were much better, and we all knelt or sat with bowed heads, listening to the words of piety as they flowed from the mouth of our spiritual leader. The room was quite warm, and the worthy man seemed to think that he had a right to occupy as much of the Almighty's time as he chose. The congregation was wrapt in most respectful silence, when suddenly I heard the ominous "click, click, click," and sonorous voice of Bullion supplicated, "Oh, mighty Solomon, my margin must be made good." There was some confusion, considerable grinning, and a few laughed aloud; but the minister proceeded, and the scene soon passed out of memory in minds that deal only with the present.

In the rear of the room sat Dr. Baldrick, who, looking up from his prayer-book for an instant, smiled in the same cynical fashion in which we shall hereafter see him under totally different circumstances.

As we walked home from chapel I contrived to join Harmony, and we had proceeded only a few paces beyond the door of the building, when the chaplain stepped up and mixed into our conversation.

After hearing the remarks of the minister in thoughtful silence, Harmony suddenly said,—

“Do you know, I have entertained angels at my house—genuine angels, too?”

“Harmony, you know that you are telling what is not so,” replied the clergyman, with rather more acerbity than I fancied the occasion merited.

“Don’t you read in your Bible that angels came to Abraham’s house and ate with him?” asked the imaginary millionaire, without replying to the taunt.

“Certainly I do,” said the chaplain with much emphasis and dignity, unconscious of the pit that the lunatic was digging for him.

"Very well," said Harmony, with chilling composure. "Does your Bible say, then, that angels *shall not* come to Harmony's house? Tell me."

And the ex-tea-merchant thrust his hands deeper than ever into his pockets as he put this sophism, looking meanwhile at his opponent very much as he would have done at a man who wanted to deceive him in regard to the quality of a coffee sample.

The worthy gentleman pretended not to hear correctly what had been said, and discovered all at once that the nearest road to his home led off at right angles to ours.

* * *

There was a new arrival in the Lodge on the following day. He was an old gentleman of fine personal appearance, though wildly strange and eccentric demeanour. His manner was exceedingly nervous, and at first I felt rather easier as I saw a nurse hurry him off into the corridor of the extension. But he reappeared at dinner-time, and I was glad to see that Frisco had been transferred

to the other table, and that the new comer was thus assigned a seat where I could study him. He soon became the central figure in my observations. When he was conducted away from the table, the door leading into the wing of the building was closed, and it was not until late in the afternoon that I found an opportunity to prosecute my search after the new patient. Passing the door when I found it open, the old gentleman was seen pacing backward and forward across the extreme end of the corridor, clutching spasmodically at one hand with the other, and uttering moans at short intervals. The stranger scarcely noticed my entrance, nor would he recognize my friendly salutation. With regret I turned to leave him, when his manner instantly changed, and he poured forth upon invisible enemies, such curses and invective as I never heard equalled.

“But I am wrong ; the fault is hers alone,” he exclaimed, striding up to me. “You must, somebody must, help me.”

“How can I be of service to you ?” I asked.

“After all, nobody can do me any good,” he

resumed, slightly composed. "Something fearful has happened to me."

"Tell me what it is."

"My wife has risen from the grave and fled to Chicago, whither I must go immediately or become insane."

"Risen from the grave! Are you quite sure of it?"

"I'm certain," he sighed. Taking me by the arm, he said, "And you shall know why I am so positive."

He drew me to a window, and as we stood looking out into the small enclosure, where the madmen were, as usual, holding an orgie, he related the following story:—

"I was a rich, old bachelor—returned from California to find myself forgotten and friendless. As the rigour of winter approached I fled to the Southern states, and ensconced myself in the midst of a Georgian family, in a country-seat near Atlanta. They had been large slave-owners before the war, and now, utterly impoverished, their penury was unendurable. The liberal price which I paid

them for my board was therefore a benefaction."

He stopped, I saw a shudder run down his entire frame, and it was several seconds before he resumed.

"In this household there was a daughter. She was only in her eighteenth year, but the hard lessons of unaccustomed want had developed in her a precocity far beyond her years. Hers seemed a cool, calm resolution to marry in order that by tearing a husband's heart to shreds, she might wreak her vengeance upon the whole human family. But why anticipate! I became deeply interested in this girl. At first I thought of offering to adopt her as a daughter: finding, however, that she betrayed no aversion to a nearer tie—though supposed to have looked with favour upon a suitor of her own years—I married her."

Again I detected the same horrible shudder, and again the narrator ceased speaking.

"I brought my young bride to a villa on Long Island Sound, which I had purchased in the hope of making her future life happy with my own. But the whole dream of joy was a sickening delusion; my

wife made no disguise of the fact that she had only chosen between the two bugbears of an elderly husband and a life of torturing poverty. She was bold in her contemptuous treatment of me ; while I did all in my power to hide from the world my miserable mistake. Such remained the situation until about a year ago, when her former youthful suitor in Georgia paid us an unannounced visit. I counted the days until I saw the presumptuous visitor depart for Chicago ; but soon after this my wife became seriously indisposed, and remained wholly secluded in her own room. I was not permitted to visit her, but was informed from time to time of her increasing illness. I had just decided to insist upon the services of a physician, when the nurse shocked me with the news that her mistress had the small-pox, and begged that I should set out for Georgia to bring her relatives to what she feared was her death-bed. In my helpless misery and dismay I—the *slave of a mad bride*—started as I was bidden, but was stopped on my way, at Washington, by a telegram announcing that my wife was dead. O ! I have that message in this pocket. No, in this. Why, I

thought I had it," he suddenly burst forth, in the midst of his calmer narrative, searching his clothing.

"Back I hastened," he continued, "in a condition of mind little short of madness,—for I loved her,—to be told by the nurse upon arriving that it had been found necessary to bury my wife on the day following her death. Under this culmination of horrors, wretched man that I was, I fell into a dangerous and delirious sickness. Recovering health and mind together, I returned into the world again without gratitude for my escape from death, with the intention of rearing a monument over my wife's grave and then seeking a foreign land. But before I could carry out either project an anonymous letter from Chicago informed me, with many substantiations of detail, that my wife still lived and was in that city. Astounded, scarcely knowing what I did, I flew to the nearest detective bureau with the incredible epistle and offered a million dollars for its certification or disproof. The unknown writer stated that the whole pretended sickness, pest-panic, and hasty burial had been the machinery of a conspiracy

between the simulating invalid and the nurse, the latter having been brought into the audacious plot at lavish cost. The servants had been frightened from my house by the stories of the dread contagion within it, but not even a false funeral had been used as a screen to the open departure of my wife for Chicago on the day on which I was telegraphed of her death. The reckless daring of the whole unparalleled scheme had secured its success. I took the first train on my way home, but I had no sooner set foot in New York than I encountered annoyances of every kind. Several men, who tried to convince me that they knew my name, followed me about, until, finally, under the pretence of taking me to ride in Central Park, they brought me here. Now I have one question to ask you, young man," he concluded suddenly, dropping the thread of his narrative and looking me full in the eyes, as he laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder, "*Where am I?*"

The earnestness of that question cannot be reproduced in words. I knew not what to say; I dared not tell him that he was in a mad-house; and I con-

sidered it an act of duty to reply, "I do not know myself."

The most pitiful part of this story, to me at least, is to follow. Many days after obtaining my freedom, I heard the whole of this sad family history from the wife's own lips ; and while keeping sacred the feelings of a thoroughly repentant woman, I may say that the main facts regarding her crime and flight were true, but that, seeing the wrong she had done, when too late, she returned to New York. She had been gone a year,—tardy repentance, all will say,—and what had happened to her husband during that time she knew not. But, when she heard that he was a madman and she the cause, her future course was resolved upon at once. In brief, I found her struggling to support herself upon the scant fraction of her income that remained after providing for her invalid husband. His fortune had disappeared utterly in the year that had intervened ; but having lost all else, she still possessed a trifling sum of money, with which she truly reasoned could be obtained the only solace her former partner could ever know. The few hundred pounds' worth of

insurance stock, which he had given her only the day before she deserted him, she now devoted to giving him the protection and care of what she supposed to be the best asylum in the land.

She it was, who, denied the privilege of seeing him, penitently and lovingly sent her victim, almost daily, a basket of flowers and dainty edibles which might have cheered his heart had they ever reached him. But they never did.

* * *

"You promised to tell me about your escape," said I to Frisco, during a dull afternoon. "This would be as good a time as any."

"One dark winter night," began the Californian, in a dramatic manner, "the wind howled round the old brown buildings, and over the icy roads. The time was early in January of last year. I had on the previous day possessed myself of a key to the main door, and knew that if I could reach it I was sure of release. I had a small pocket-knife which, more than a month before, I had coaxed from a friend who came to visit me. I had assured myself that by cutting about one-third through

the thickness of the door I could reach the keyhole, and gain my freedom by means of the key which was in my pocket. The back of the lock had been protected by a thin iron plate set into the wood on the inside of the door, but on a former occasion when all were at breakfast I had unscrewed the lock and, having taken off this guard, had replaced it. I waited ever so patiently that night for the keeper, Bradley, to stop playing 'You'll remember me' on that tuneless violin which you have heard so often—he's stationed in the hall above now. It was nearly midnight before the fiddling stopped, and I waited a full hour longer, so that all might be still. I then vigorously attacked the thick wooden door with my penknife just over the keyhole. I worked away hopefully. But it had to be done most silently, for in the next room slept a most suspicious attendant, and every half-hour the gleam of a lantern under my door announced that the watchman was passing on his rounds. Every sound seemed to re-echo with startling distinctness through the long corridor. At last it was done. Then dressing—all but my shoes, which

were stuffed into the pockets of my overcoat—I left the room at a moment when I knew the watchman to be at the other end of the building. The same key that unlocked my door opened three others for me, and I found myself in the open air. The distance between the mad-house and the fence was soon traversed. Both stockings were soaked through, but with some effort the shoes were donned, and then I set off for the city, well knowing that the old adage about moneyless travellers singing before thieves did not apply to the fugitive from mad-house keepers. I soon had practical illustration of this. In five days two men appeared at my room in a hotel in Madison Square, forced me to go with them, and brought me back here, where my former jailer has continued the same cruel restraint. Cracked or not, I don't see why I should be treated as a convict."

With what little experience I had gained I did not need to be told that an inmate of the Lodge was as completely deprived of his liberty as a convict in Sing Sing or Newgate. Although an institution at which each boarder or his friends paid

a fixed sum per week, he was denied a host of minor privileges which, had they been granted, would have quieted his mind, but the refusal of which undoubtedly aggravated his disease. Especially is this true of such as suffered from softening of the brain in the earlier stages of the malady. The poor unfortunate discovered when too late that he had placed himself in the custody of nurses, whose duties, as laid down, placed every restriction imaginable upon his comfort and his movements.

Leaving the restricted range of mere personal experience in the Baldric institution, and dealing with abstract facts, it is readily seen that the power, or rather licence, possessed by the governing board of an insane asylum under bad laws, enables them to do far more than merely incarcerate their victims. Their grasp can reach even into neighbouring states to pluck a man from his own hearth-stone. Like a woman charged with witchcraft in the old Puritan days, the man against whom the taint of lunacy is brought to-day has none of the sacred civil rights which are accorded to the guiltiest

criminal. When a police-officer pursues a felon into a neighbouring state he must have a warrant from the Executive; and when that felon is convicted and imprisoned, he knows for what and for how long. He knows that when his term of confinement has ended, the strong-armed law that locked him up will open his prison-door again. Surely legislators are not so unskilful, and the English language is not so defective but that laws can be framed whereby the same watchfulness may be extended to the ward of a lunatic asylum that is exercised over the cell of a convicted felon! Institutions that make yearly reports to the State Legislatures—printed, by the way, at public expense, if my experience as a Washington and an Albany correspondent serves me,—and others that issue plausible appeals for assistance, whose very existence depends upon popular permission, should never be allowed to close their doors against that thorough inspection which citizens have a right to demand. They should be deprived of their most potent weapon against society—**SECRECY**. Nor should their directors ever be permitted to envelope

themselves in a mantle of infallibility, or to constitute themselves the sole arbiters of a citizen's fitness to enjoy personal liberty.

* * *

The sun had now risen for the tenth time since I had voluntarily surrendered my liberty. A day second only in importance to the first one had begun.

At four in the afternoon, Mr. Dinfor entered the front door of the asylum, and inquired for the physician in charge. Doctor Baldric received the visitor courteously, and plied him sedulously with questions which should have been asked when the Patient was admitted. The physician declared that the Patient was slowly showing signs of improvement, and Dinfor expressed genuine surprise on being acquainted with the fact that I had been placed in the maniac ward. He asserted that I had been quiet and harmless on the evening when I had been brought to the institution. "Did the symptoms change, and was violence manifested?" Dinfor asked.

"No," replied the doctor. "He has not been

violent, but ~~excessively~~ nervous and excitable, manifesting a desire to write to his friends, and to leave the institution. He is convalescing slowly, but if he were withdrawn from the asylum and returned to the city, in my opinion a relapse would certainly follow, after which he would become much worse than when he came under our care."

Mr. Dinfor insists that this whole conversation was one of the funniest experiences of his life; and, as if to add to the humour of the occasion, Dr. Quotidian entered the room and joined the group, after shaking hands with the visitor.

"You say that my friend has expressed a desire to write?" asked Dinfor. "Neither his uncle nor I have received any reply. Has he written to either of us?"

"I do not know," said Doctor Baldric. "Quotidian, has Somers been allowed to write?"

"Yes," answered the assistant. "I gave him a sheet of paper and an envelope, and he wrote a letter to Mr. Foster three days ago, which I have kept here, and shall not forward, because in it he asks to be taken out of the institution."

"Do you mean to tell me that the letter has not been posted?" exclaimed Dinfor, with surprise.

"I have thought best not to send it."

"Patients, then, are not at liberty to correspond with their relatives and friends?" demanded Dinfor, with much feigned earnestness.

"Well, they are not strictly prohibited," rejoined Doctor Quotidian. "Many patients fancy that they are perfectly rational or that they are greatly abused, and we cannot consent that their friends shall be needlessly alarmed by thoughtless letters, nor that the Board of Governors shall be troubled with imaginary grievances. Patients are allowed to write when they please, but the officers of the asylum exercise caution in sending the letters."

Having delivered himself of these remarks with a professional look, the doctor took the letter from a closet where it had doubtless been laid away for all time, and handed it to Dinfor. It had been detained three days, and, according to Doctor Quotidian's own statement of rules, would never have been posted. The envelope had been torn

open, and Dinfor unhesitatingly unfolded and read the following harmless note :—

The Baldric Asylum, New York,
Aug. 10th.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am now so much better that, your family having returned from the sea-side, I hope you will come for me at once or send Mr. Dinfor with a letter of authority. Doctor Quotidian and the attendants have overburdened me with kindness. I am, your nephew,

FELIX SOMERS.

While Dinfor was reading this brief epistle, the physician confirmed the statement of his chief that the Patient was gaining slowly, but should not be discharged for several months. "If taken away from the asylum at this time," said he, "excitement, nervousness, and a relapse will be inevitable. His uncle, Mr. Foster, should allow him to remain by all means, and should pay no attention to any letters which he may write."

"It would give me great pleasure to see my friend," said Dinfor, folding up the letter and putting it in his pocket.

"Oh! that is quite impossible," interrupted the doctor.

"Why so?" queried Dinfor.

"Because it is an invariable rule, never departed from, not to permit anybody to see patients in the Lodge who are not relatives."

"But I must insist that an exception be made in this case," persisted Dinfor. "I came here with Mr. Somers, and certainly think that I am entitled to the privilege of seeing him."

"The young man is in no condition to bear excitement, or to converse with any one at great length; I must therefore reassert that I think his Uncle the only one who should be allowed that privilege," insisted the physician.

"You have not answered my argument at all, doctor," strenuously urged the visitor.

"Well, I shall consent on the condition that you will not remain with the Patient more than five minutes, and that you shall avoid all exciting topics," said the physician, relenting. "But you must promise me not to give him money, postage-stamps, or medicine surreptitiously."

"I accept all the conditions," said Dinfor.

Doctor Quotidian rang a bell and said to the attendant who answered it, "Conduct this gentleman to the Lodge, and tell the keeper that he is to have five minutes' interview with the patient, Felix Somers."

* * *

I desired to make yet another and final effort to communicate with the outside world, in order to test this point thoroughly. During the forenoon I saw several carriages drive up to the main building, and observed that the footmen and the drivers were strolling about the grounds. I tore off one of my shirt-cuffs and, when an opportunity offered by the temporary absence of Carrot in the extension, I stepped boldly into his room. With his pen and ink I wrote on the cuff:—

Good for Three Dollars If delivered to JOHN D. TOWNSEND, 256, Broadway.
--

On the other side I simply said, "Come and see me; come at once."

With this under my coat I hastened back to the front window and, after much cautious beckoning, succeeded in attracting the attention of a footman. He came as near as he could to the window, when, throwing the roll to him, I said, "Deliver this and earn three dollars." He opened it and read the address. He said that he understood it and would deliver it. I had the satisfaction of seeing him put it in his pocket.

But I hardly need to state that the note on the cuff was not heard from until about a week after the *exposé*, when a man presented himself at the lawyer's office, as addressed, and claimed the reward.

In Belgium every mad-house is provided with letter-boxes in which the inmates may drop their correspondence free from the control or the supervision of the officers of the institution, and in other European countries the inmates of insane asylums are equally free to write what and to whom they please, and it is a penal offence to interfere with that privilege.

* * *

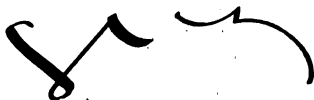
I had gone to my cell to lie down, for I was in a rather anxious and slightly impatient frame of mind. The writ of *habeas corpus* was to have been served on this, the tenth day, and as I saw the long hours of the afternoon slowly wearing away, I naturally feared that some delay had arisen. Imagine my joy, then, upon being told by an attendant that Mr. Dinfor was waiting for me in Liberty Hall, and that I was to have five minutes' conversation with him.

I hastened to the room, and, for the first time in ten days, gazed upon the face of a friend. The hall had been cleared of patients, and the door was closed after me.

The attendant came into the apartment and stood by our side, so that he might watch us closely and hear all that was said. Dinfor and I stood near a window, and our brief conversation was very commonplace, restricted almost wholly to inquiries regarding my health.

The floor had been swept in the morning, but the dust had not been brushed from the window-sill.

Dinfor laid his hand carelessly on the window, and, a moment later, when the attendant glanced at the floor, with one bold flourish wrote on the dusty wood-work the stenographic characters,—



This gave me the very information that I most desired.

Dinfor soon after took his leave.

I returned to my cell in a very different mood from that in which I had left it. The glorious news had reached me. The trap was ready for springing; the *habeas corpus* was issued! I was now the ward of the Supreme Court, and my bondage could last only three days more. All this had I learned when Dinfor wrote,—

“It will be served in an hour.”

* * *

This practically brings my narrative to a close, for I choose to pass over the two days and part of a

third which began soon after Dinfor's departure. I do this merely because I was treated in a manner in such marked contrast to the previous ten days that its purpose would have been evident even to an insane mind. I was afforded an opportunity to escape, and was once encouraged by a keeper to do so, but I preferred to go into court. I could not afford to spoil *The Comedy*.

I received far more consideration at the hands of physicians and nurses than the Senator or Frisco, or the millionaire's son Thaddeus. The change in treatment and the discrimination in my favour was to be accounted for on only one hypothesis. The previous forty-eight hours had added neither wealth nor grey hairs to my estate, nor had I been suddenly revealed as a distinguished personage whose name commanded reverence. The reason was found in the simple fact that *I had established communication with the outside world*, and that on a certain hour, fixed by law, I could in a high court of justice assert my right to liberty.

The writ of *habeas corpus* was the palladium of my safety.

Here, then, I remained for twelve long days and nights, my sleep murdered by the shrieks of the crazed in the padded rooms of the cellars, associated during waking hours with every class of disordered minds. Doctor Quotidian solicited no information regarding the causes which had produced my alleged derangement, made no extended examination, held only two brief conversations with me ; and Doctor Baldric, the chief physician, did not, during my stay, even visit the Lodge, except under circumstances which will appear later. After my commitment I manifested no violence, nor did I in any manner feign insanity, judging, truly, that my presence in such a place would be taken as conclusive evidence upon that point. Notwithstanding all these facts I was kept in "a lodge" with men in strait-jackets.

I now feel that had I not been nerved with the consciousness that I was present in this place and among these scenes of agony for a purpose—a work of simple justice and truth, to be told unreservedly and dispassionately, whether it was favourable or unfavourable to the institution—I could not have

endured through those few days. Had I felt my imprisonment to be hopeless and aimless—had there been no thoughts to busy and interest me; but, on the contrary, my own wrongs and sufferings to make me despair—these associations would have driven me wild in a month. And though I had every assurance of early release, though I knew that friends without were as anxiously interested in my release as I was myself, still the association with disordered brains, the total lack of amusements, the forced absence from the free air and sunshine, the horrible noises which alarmed the nights and defied slumber, the filthy manner in which the meals were served, the utter separation from the world, and all other conditions of my imprisonment, had such an effect upon me that after nine days, in a fit of the deepest despondency, I well-nigh lost all courage. Cut off from all communication with friends, without money, forced to beg an attendant for even a drink of ice-water or a pocket-handkerchief, utterly at the mercy of heartless keepers and an incompetent physician—surrounded by madmen—I became so depressed and disconsolate that (it is no exag-

geration) I actually began to question my ability to retain my reason, should I be forced to remain longer where I then was.

Heretofore the persons who have told the stories of the wrongs they have suffered through incarceration in lunatic asylums have at least been subject to the suspicion that they were insane; but you have kindly listened to the story of a special correspondent, who deliberately, by the order of his employers, and purely as a journalistic enterprise, procured his own imprisonment, and now narrates his own experiences in the plain matter-of-fact manner in which he would "write up" a Congressional caucus or a coroner's inquest. He has grouped the leading incidents together without regard to chronological order, and has told only such as seemed to him worth repeating.

* * *

I have yet a sacred duty to perform, and I shall make my promise good at once. When it became known in the ward that I was to go to court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, Bullion approached me early on the last morning, as I sat in the

chamber of horrors, and handed me a small wad of paper, which afterward proved to be five leaves of a Prayer Book, closely written in pencil, at the same time begging me to read it in court, or to have it printed upon circulars for distribution in Wall Street. I append it, *verbatim*, as a veritable specimen of the wild hallucinations of an insane mind, taking leave to state that upon all topics in nowise related to finance my good friend Bullion was perfectly rational. The original is carefully preserved in my scrap-book as one of the most curious mementoes of this strange adventure.

“To the Insurance Companies and the Public:

“I once intended to publish a pamphlet showing how persons strike others dead, inflict with lunacy, create various diseases, and that the Scriptures were written by the authors of these abuses, and also their object in causing bankruptcy. But these persons have secret conspiracies to prevent me from exposing them, and whenever I come to the city in the fall of the year many fires are caused, so that if

they can get the house burned down where I stay there shall not be any unusual suspicion, and they are thus forced to have recourse to more incendiarianism throughout the entire country to ward off further suspicions from themselves in the city. I have made application to several publishers to print my disclosures, when the conspirators referred to have surfeited the publishers with an overwhelming mass of literature, so that they should not want my work. I could not print it in New York, so was forced to try Boston, but, having made my determination known, Boston was burned down two days before I was ready to start in search of a publisher.

“Remain in ignorance of their secret power no longer, O men of Mammon ! The idea of about ten thousand persons (in the nineteenth century) slaughtering and afflicting forty millions of people, whenever they choose, is monstrous ! Had you understood me as long ago as April, 1870, the country might now have been nearly three hundred million dollars richer. If you would save your country and mine, now is the hour ! You must not be indifferent for a financial crisis in the United

States, and revolution, with wars throughout Europe, and possibly blood to the horses' fetlocks before their last days; that's their threat, but with little more than a breath you can set them at defiance. You must now look to yourselves; I can do no more; for if I cannot get some employment I shall be either starving in New York, be murdered by a medical process on ship-board, or be smuggled into some lunatic asylum upon landing in England, unless you publish this pamphlet. Not only the salvation of your country, but the lives of your wives and children are depending upon the dissemination of this knowledge which exists alone in the brain of

"Your anxious friend and adviser,

"WM. MILTON BULLION."

* * *

I was informed on the morning of the twelfth day that I must be ready to take a drive down town at ten o'clock.

I rose early and packed my clothing into my satchel, both having been sent to my room.

After breakfast, by considerable coaxing, I succeeded in getting a nurse to shave me, and obtained

permission to comb my hair at a small mirror in his room. Upon looking in the glass I was almost frightened at the change which had taken place. Although slightly sick in New Orleans, from drinking the muddy Mississippi water on my voyage down the river, I had returned to New York in perfect health. Now I was pale and haggard.

Such was the effect of a few days and nights of life in the Lodge upon a sane man : awful must be the consequences for an insane person who experiences lucid intervals in which he fully recognizes the utter hopelessness of his situation.

At the appointed hour I had my hat in my hand to go to the main building, where I was to join Doctor Baldric, and thence proceed to court. I stood waiting near Doctor Quotidian, who was conversing with the keeper.

"I hear that there was a birth over in the female ward this morning," remarked Carrot.

"Yes ; another idiot boy," replied the physician, carelessly.

The opening of a door at the other end of the corridor and the sound of shuffling feet attracted

my attention. I turned and beheld four men whose faces were new to me advancing with a box over which a blanket was thrown.

It flashed across my mind that they carried a corpse, and that it was better to be dead than mad-house born. A child had entered the world with the seeds of mental death in its system at the moment that life had ceased to be a burden to the dead maniac before me.

Twenty years in the future would the child of to-day take up the dirge which Anton had ceased to sing.

"What is it?" I asked, as the cortége passed on; and in the solemn stillness of the moment I heard the well-known voice behind me whisper,—

"It is resurrection!"

The doctor started to go; the door swung open for me: turning, I took the hand of Hercules, and bade him farewell—for ever.

END OF THE EMOTIONAL DRAMA.

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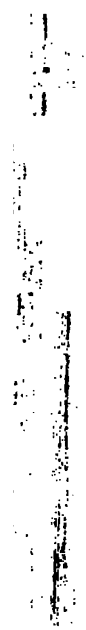
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BOOK THE THIRD.

PRESENTED AT COURT.



Book the Third.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

I.

A COMEDY OF THE COULISSES.

ACTIVE preparations were making for the closing scene. There was a great deal of work done by the manager, Mr. Dinfor, and I shall ask you to step into the wings to see how conscientiously he performed it.

The editor of a metropolitan newspaper and Mr. Dinfor were closeted with a prominent attorney-at-law. The lawyer had just returned from the Supreme court-room with a writ of *habeas corpus* directed to Doctor Baldric, of the Baldric mad-house, commanding the production in that court of the body, dead

or alive, of one Felix Somers. He read the document to the two persons present :—

The People of the State of New York :

To Robert Baldric, Superintending Physician of the Baldric Lunatic Asylum, New York; or the Physician in charge of said Asylum temporarily,

We command you that you have the body of Felix Somers, by you imprisoned and detained as it is said together with the time and cause of such imprisonment and detention, by whatsoever name he shall be called or charged before one of the Judges of our Supreme Court holding the Chambers of said Court in the New Court House in the City of New York, on Thursday, the 15th day of August inst., at half-past ten o'clock, to do and receive what shall then and there be considered concerning him, and have you then there this writ.

Witness, Hon. Daniel Buckingham, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court (1st District), the 13th day of August, 1872.

By the Court,

CHAS. E. LOWLY, Clerk.

John D. Townsend, Attorney.

“That will do the business,” concluded the lawyer.

“I can immediately precede this writ to the asylum,” said Mr. Dinfor; “and see what opinion Doctor Baldric expresses regarding his patient.

Then we shall see whether he is consistent after the *habeas* is served upon him."

"I can send a trustworthy clerk with you, who will be entirely under your direction," remarked the attorney, as he tapped his bell. "Send Mr. Hunky here," he continued, addressing a boy who answered the summons.

A young man entered.

"This is Mr. Hunky, gentlemen," said the lawyer, introducing his clerk. Then addressing him, he continued, "Mr. Dinfor will give you his instructions. It is a matter which will require some discretion on your part, and I shall expect you to be judicious."

The young man bowed.

Mr. Dinfor and his employer stepped to the other end of the room.

"Take a carriage at the City Hall," said the old journalist. "Drive to the mad-house, see Doctor Baldric, or Quotidian and, if possible, Somers—at least be assured of his presence in the institution. Carry out your plan fully; it is a good one. Have the doctor commit himself positively one way or the

other in the case. Come down town at once, and if Baldric says that he is going to see Mr. Foster, the Uncle, telegraph me from the Fifty-ninth Street office the words:—"He sings the music of the future." I shall repeat the message to Mr. Foster, who will be apprized of its import, so that he can proceed intelligibly.

Mr. Dinfor turned to the clerk and gave him his instructions in a few words.

"You will drive with me to the Baldric Asylum for the Insane. I shall leave you in the carriage on the Boulevard, and enter the place alone while you exercise the horses up and down the road until you see me come out of the gate. Then drive past as if you never had seen me, and serve this writ of *habeas corpus* upon the physician in charge of the institution. Answer no questions, and ask him none. The carriage is waiting."

II.

A PAPER WEIGHT.

MR. DINFOR walked composedly out through the charming grounds surrounding the asylum, and took an omnibus down the Boulevard for the city. He had, as we already know, fully accomplished his mission—he had obtained the unequivocal committal of both doctors to their belief in the seriousness of Somers' case, and he had informed the Patient of the virtual end of his imprisonment. Dinfor was happy because of these results, and now could do nothing further until he saw what effect the writ would have upon their professional opinions.

The carriage containing Mr. Hunky, the lawyer's clerk, drove slowly down the Boulevard after Dinfor had entered the omnibus ; then, by direction of the occupant, it turned into the gateway of the asylum grounds, slowly traversed the shady road, and halted

at the front entrance to the imposing brown-stone edifice.

Mr. Hunky then alighted, and, ascending the stone steps, entered the open door.

"Is Doctor Baldric at home?" asked the clerk of the janitor, who came forward in the hall to meet him.

"He is," was the laconic answer.

"Will you hand him my card, and say that I would like to see him on business?" said Mr. Hunky, stepping into the reception-room.

The corpulent, red-faced, jolly physician appeared in a few moments. The usual courtesies exchanged, without further introduction, the clerk handed him the document containing Judge Buckingham's signature.

The doctor glanced at the name—he was familiar enough with the appearance of such papers—and then carefully folded it up.

"I acknowledge its receipt," said the physician, with an effort to appear cool, but the clerk asserts to this day that his face grew perceptibly redder.

Having bowed the young man out, the doctor clutched the janitor by the arm and fairly hissed,—

“Send my team to the door this instant.”

III.

AN INCH OF TIME.

THE omnibus which carried Mr. Dinfor had halted at the Central Park circle when a team, driven at the highest rate of speed, dashed past.

In it, to his surprise, Dinfor beheld Doctor Baldrick!

But the physician did not observe him; he saw only the pavement ahead.

Baldrick held the reins, and by his side Quotidian.

The horses' pace was a killing one. With the driver it was a race against time, for the doctor thought that the possibility of finding Mr. Foster in his office depended upon reaching it at the earliest moment.

But in this he was mistaken. Mr. Foster awaited his arrival.

Within five minutes more he received from the journalist a telegram which read,—

"He sings the music of the future."

IV.

O CONSISTENCY !

THOSE who have been to a minstrel performance will recognize this scene. They will see in it a very comical first part, with Doctors Baldric and Quotidian as the talkative "end men," Mr. Foster as the "centre man"—who always knows the answers to the riddles which the others try in vain to guess,—and Mr. Dinfor as "the ghost" necessary to bring about the climax.

Doctor Baldric and his coadjutor entered the office of Mr. Foster, and, without waiting to take a seat, the former exclaimed, —

"How could he have taken it out?"

"Are you addressing me?" quietly asked Mr. Foster, as he turned in his chair from his desk.

"How stupid of me, to be sure!" replied the doctor, slightly composed. "How could you be expected to understand what I meant? Well, then, your nephew has got out a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding his production before the Supreme Court. How do you suppose he accomplished it?"

"Independent of any assistance from me, I can assure you," replied Mr. Foster, with chilling composure.

"A bad job for all of us," chimed Quotidian.

"Do you want to be dragged into court?" asked Baldric harshly.

"It wouldn't annoy me very much," again retorted the incomprehensibly calm Mr. Foster.

"It will go hard with you for locking a sane man up in a mad-house," exclaimed Baldric and Quotidian in the same breath.

"I'll try and stand it," was the quiet reply.



So much advantage is there always on the side of

the man who knows what he is talking about as opposed to another who does not.

"I have seen for some days that he had recovered," began Baldric.

"And so have I," echoed Quotidian, with a conciliating smile. "Perfectly restored."

"'Tis a pity you didn't discharge him, then, for you know that I left him wholly in your hands," retorted Mr. Foster.

"If you will persuade your nephew to withdraw the writ," continued the frantic doctor, "I will be very glad to discharge him at once."

"I am very certain that I could not influence him in a matter of this kind," was the reply.

"Come, jump into my carriage and drive out to the asylum. Quotidian can—can walk and be d—d to him," excitedly vociferated the now thoroughly desperate Baldric.

"Really you must excuse me, for I haven't the time to go out there to-night."

"It may be worth your while," said Baldric.

"Indeed it may," suggested Quotidian.

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Foster, significantly taking out his watch; "but as I can readily show that I could have had no selfish object in procuring the incarceration, and that I relied entirely upon the testimony of the committing physicians and upon your assistant, Doctor Quotidian, I am not inclined to let the subject trouble me further."

"Something must be done," exclaimed Baldric, in a hopeless way. "I don't want him produced in court, for he is perfectly sane."

"Perfectly sane," echoed Quotidian.

Just at this instant Dinfor quietly entered the office, and his look of surprise at meeting the two physicians there was probably half genuine.

"Why, doctor, is Felix worse?" anxiously asked Dinfor, with a look which guaranteed utter ignorance of a writ of *habeas corpus*.

"No; not worse," replied the doctor uncomfortably. "He's better, much better—"

"Cured," soliloquized Quotidian.

"What!" interjected Dinfor; "cured in two

hours! No longer ago you told me his case would require three months of careful watching. You startled me, doctor! But," concluded Dinfor gaily, "I'm glad of it."

"I mean that I have been asking Mr. Foster to take his nephew away," said Doctor Baldrick, with a painful effort to regain his composure.

"Has he broken anything?" inquired Dinfor curiously, "or have you listened to his appeals for liberty?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Baldrick frankly.

"Broken me," muttered Quotidian to himself.

"He has got the best of us all," continued Baldrick; "you as well as the rest, Mr. Dinfor. [*Rising inflexion.*] He'll have us all in court, where we shall make a very ridiculous figure, I can assure you, for 'I've been there before'—to use a common expression."

"What do you expect us to do?"—with the same annoying composure, from Dinfor.

"We ask you both to assist us," said the doctors, in the same breath.

"We can do nothing," said Mr. Foster firmly, as he swung his chair back to his desk.

"Then I shall go to Somers himself, and convince him of his folly in taking his case into court," said Doctor Baldric, as he moved toward the door, followed by his Shadow.

And strange to say, both the physicians forgot to say, "Good-bye."

The scene remained unchanged until the two visitors had filed down the stairs.

Then a broad grin came over the faces of the two occupants of the office.

V.

CAN HE FORGIVE HIM ?

NIGHT, always dismal, generally dreadful, had come again. The bell for retiring had rung some time before the opening of this scene, and the flickering gas jets in the halls had been turned almost out. Every patient was in bed, and the building was a silent sepulchre of wrecked hopes and useless brains.

Felix Somers lay tossing about on his pillow, tired and sleepy, too anxious to know whether Dinfor's plan of serving the writ had actually been carried out, to find rest.

He was soon to learn.

A light knock was heard at his door.

There had been no sound of footsteps in the hall,

but, no longer startled by anything, young Somers turned over in bed, and quietly said,—

“Come in.”

The key was turned in the lock, the door swung open, and a portly man, whom the Patient at once knew to be Doctor Baldric, entered the apartment.

Somers fancied that he saw the shadow of another figure in the hall outside.

“Were you asleep, Mr. Somers?” asked the doctor, with studied politeness, as he seated himself by the side of the bed.

“No, sir, I was not,” replied the Patient.

“Your pulse seems to be a trifle high,” said the physician, fingering Somers’ wrist. “Probably the result of restlessness; but it will wear off.”

“It is very lonely and cheerless here in the evening, doctor. Couldn’t the place be ’livened up a little?” remarked Somers.

“I’ll think of it; what could you suggest?” asked the physician, strangely considerate for his patient’s wishes.

And so—the doctor in a chair by the bedside

and the Patient in bed, both in the dark—this conversation progressed for the next ten minutes. Each one was studying the other's game.

Then the doctor "showed his hand."

"You don't want to go into court and have all your friends know that you have been here, do you?" Doctor Baldric finally asked, changing the tone of his voice.

"I should be very glad of the chance; in fact, I may say, it would please me immensely," replied Somers.

"But,"—began the physician.

"I don't much care whether my friends know about it or not," continued Somers. "Such things eventually leak out, sooner or later, and it is just as well to have it done with."

"Come, tell me. How did you get word to that meddlesome lawyer?" asked the doctor.

"May I ask to what you refer?" retorted the Patient, with the utmost composure.

"Well, then, how did you get the writ issued which was served on me this afternoon?"

"Then a writ has been received by you? I am

greatly obliged for the information. I have only to wish you 'good night,' for I'm very sleepy."

"So, you persist in going into court?" asked the physician.

"Persist? Certainly I do. Why shouldn't I?" exclaimed Somers. "Now I can get out in spite of you."

"Well?" said the doctor.

"I don't think of anything else to say."

"I hope you may rest well to-night," said the doctor, suddenly dropping the subject of conversation.

Without any further effort to conceal his disappointment he arose and went to the door.

"Go to sleep now," he mildly said, at parting.

"Thank you, doctor; I'll try," was the reply.

And there this strange interview ended. But, as the door opened, Somers saw the shadow in the hall take the form of Quotidian, and, as the two men met, heard Baldric savagely say to his assistant,—

"We must produce him in Court!"

VI.

PUBLICITY.

THE day had come on which the return to the writ of *habeas corpus* issued in behalf of the patient, Felix Somers, was to be made.

During the forenoon a close carriage, containing Doctors Baldric and Quotidian and young Somers, left the asylum, and, after a long drive, reached the court-house.

For Felix Somers it was the one ride of his lifetime. The route lay direct toward—Triumph!

Never had heaven so smiled; never seemed earth so fair.

The day's session of the Supreme Court opened in the usual fashion.

His Honour, Judge Dodge, ascended the Bench,

and the clerk's gavel called the house to order. The audience, in all stages of attention, looked on or listened.

Through a side door the well-known Doctor Baldric and his assistant entered the court-room, and made their way inside the bar. Accompanying them was a young man of twenty-two years, who might have appeared to the lookers-on as a friend or relative of the distinguished physician, admitted with him for courtesy's sake.

Those who are familiar with the tide-like ebb and flow of a great city court of high jurisdiction, the rapid disposition of cases, the press of attorneys around their clients, the crackle of folding and unfolding manuscripts, the continuous despatch of what to the novice seems matter for profound reflection, will apprehend the busy scene in which young Somers was a passive and decidedly unprominent figure until the hearing of his cause came up.

Just prior to that moment Mr. Somers rose from his seat by Doctor Baldric's side, and walked over to a chair at the table occupied by his counsel.

Meanwhile the lawyer for the Asylum had entered, and after conversing several minutes with Doctor Baldric, was next seen at an adjoining table arranging his memoranda.

In a corner of the room sat Mr. Dinfor, the jolly spirit of the whole enterprise.

The editor of a prominent newspaper strolled into the court, and without manifesting any unusual interest in the case about to be called, bowed to Doctor Baldric as he took a seat inside the bar.

Felix Somers sat by the side of his counsel, pale, anxious, silent.

The attorney for the institution appeared ill at ease. Doctor Baldric looked confident, while Doctor Quotidian did not attempt to disguise his chagrin at the publicity of the spectacle.

It was evident that the respondents intended to let the case take its own course, and were unsuspicious of anything out of the ordinary.

After the usual statements that both sides were represented by counsel, and ready to proceed with the arguments, Mr. Townsend, attorney for "the patient Somers" rose to address the court :—

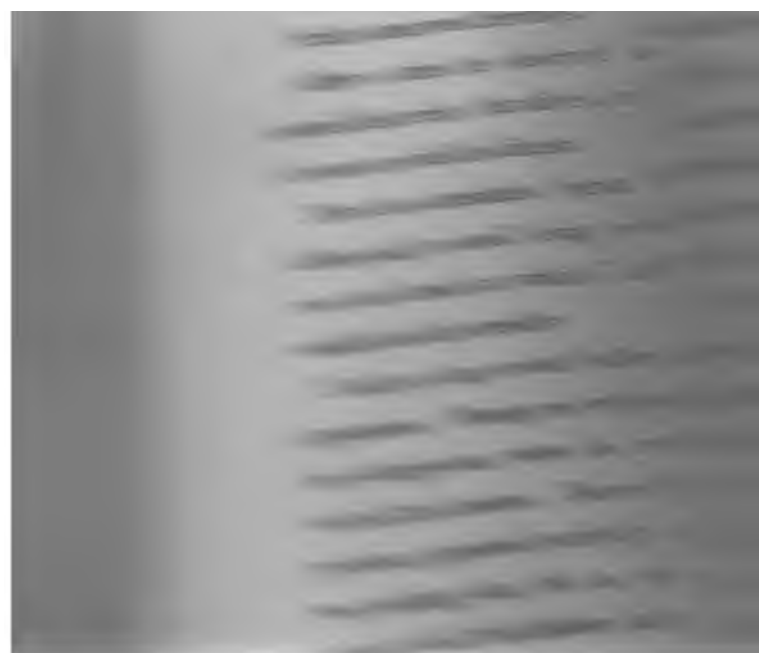
“Your Honour, I desire, before the hearing of this case shall have reached any great length, as much as lies in my power to simplify the case by a few explanations of fact. I am glad of the opportunity which my client’s cause affords me of expressing before this court, the full sense of horror which I feel at the unjust imprisonment of a sane man or woman in an asylum for lunatics. There is something so dreadful in the mere intimation, that, under our statutes, by bribing two venal quacks, such a thing becomes easy of accomplishment, that when a clear case of the kind presents itself, our indignation knows no bounds. The outrages perpetrated upon defenceless people through the medium of private asylums for lunatics are not matters of imagination. The revelation of such wrongs does not belong to the province of fiction, but of fact. Nor are these glaring instances of inhumanity to be found in England alone; they exist in America, ay, in the boasted city of New York. For proof of this statement I have only to mention such cases—well known to your Honour—as Mrs. Packard, of Chicago, Mrs. Pelschler, of London, Commodore Mead,

U.S.N., and, later still, of Nelson Magee. Assisted by defective lunacy enactments, evil designing persons readily drag men from their firesides, women from their families, and make them victims of a persecution worse than ever dreamt of by the Inquisition."

The hall of Justice had filled up from the corridor, as was always the case when it was known that the celebrated attorney was addressing the Court. Doctor Baldrick held a newspaper before him and pretended to read. But as the attorney, with full oratorical fervour, uttered the words "victims of a persecution worse than the Inquisition," the eyeglass which the doctor poised on his nose, dropped into his lap, and the hand that lately held it remained motionless. The newspaper was drawn a trifle closer, and he read eagerly without seeing a word, for his ears and not his eyes were reading. A ruddier, a darker shadow crept over his face, spreading from his full neck below his ears.

"As to the present time," continued the lawyer. "I need no better instance to show that sane men can be and are imprisoned in our mad-houses than

to refer in general terms to the case of the young man at my side. To prove that he is perfectly sane I have before me a quantity of affidavits signed by some of the most prominent citizens of New York. I shall be able to show, may it please your Honour that, since the serving of the writ upon them, both of the physicians at the Asylum have declared that my client was a sane man and in every particular capable of taking care of himself. I can prove that they were anxious to discharge him to avoid producing him here,—in this Court, before your Honour,—this, too, although only a few hours previously each of them had stated to a witness (whom I shall be glad to produce, should your Honour so direct,) that at least three months' time would be required for his cure. I might remark, parenthetically, that his board was paid for that length of time, in advance. I cannot consent to pass calmly over such an outrage—such an example as this of medical ignorance, such an instance of heartless cruelty, by which this young man has for two weeks been detained amid all the ravings and horrors of Bedlam night.”



of crime, unjustly deprived of the discharge of Felix Somers."

These were passed up to the judge, at his silence, in which the counsel for the defence, seeing that his opponent had finished, concluded his argument, Mr. Townsend re-

made no other statement to make. I saw that Mr. Somers was committed to the asylum, after a careful study of the carefully devised plan. Many days of study of the various phases of the case, he was able so thoroughly to master the facts laid down in the books as to be able to give by 'two reputable physicians' a certificate of insanity; and upon an order of commitment to the Justice Box, the managers of the asylum, the doctor in charge of the asylum. The 260 dols. demanded in advance for him, and he remained in the asylum for weeks [*Suppressed laughter*]. His unsuccessful attempt to enter the asylum was a proof of the efficacy of the present 'Lunacy

The judge and every spectator in the court-room now manifested the most intense interest in the case. The lawyer uttered the words "ravings and horrors of Bedlam night," with a deep sepulchral effect which made the very court-room grow chilly and dismal. The sunshine faded out of the atmosphere, the audience hardly breathed, when suddenly the city hall bell—a remarkably doleful and funereal bell—began to toll the chimes of noon.

The speaker stopped. For half a minute or more the deep and solemn vibrations rolled slowly through the listening court, and, like the fall of the curtain at the end of a tragedy, faded the heretofore cynical smile down the throat of Doctor Baldric. The newspaper now lay on his knees; he no longer essayed to read. His head settled back on his shoulders and his large brown eyes looked down his bloated cheeks. The lawyer's manner entirely changed during that short interval of breathless silence.

"I have said enough," calmly resumed the lawyer. "If my client needs a defence, he will be able to make it himself before the great constituency of the newspaper press. Upon the ground that he is a

sane man, innocent of crime, unjustly deprived of his liberty, I ask the discharge of Felix Somers."

Here the affidavits were passed up to the judge, and, after a moment's silence, in which the counsel for the Asylum, thinking that his opponent had finished, rose to begin his argument, Mr. Townsend resumed:—

"I have only one other statement to make. I may say at this time that Mr. Somers was committed to the Baldric Asylum, after a careful study of the statutes, by a skilfully devised plan. Many days were occupied in a study of the various phases of insanity, after which he was able so thoroughly to simulate the symptoms laid down in the books as to pass an examination by 'two reputable physicians' (as the statute has it); and upon an order of commitment signed by Justice Box, the managers of the asylum granted a permit, and the doctor in charge took the young man in. The 260 dols. demanded in advance were paid for him, and he remained in the institution for two weeks [*Suppressed laughter*]. He made this successful attempt to enter the asylum in order to test the efficacy of the present ']

Law,' and to settle the question as to whether a sane man could pass such an examination."

"Silence in the court-room," demanded the clerk.

"In a word, he visited the mad-house in his official capacity as a newspaper reporter," thundered the lawyer, as he sat down.

A rumble of applause—temporarily checked, then breaking out afresh—began in the rear of the room, swelled into a roar in an instant, became a din indescribable as the clashing of the judge's gavel and the orders of a squad of policemen were added to the confusion.

The scene at that moment was, without doubt, the most unusual that ever occurred in a court-room in any country.

The counsel for the institution had gradually sunk back into his seat, utterly dumbfounded; and when the crash of excitement came, he simply turned to Doctor Baldric, and, in accents of biting chagrin and shame, hissed,—

"The d-e-v-i-l! This is a pretty mess!"

Poor Baldric! He could not look around; he

dared not face his counsel. He believed that every face in that vast audience was ready to grin at him—and he was right.

“Quotidian, this is your work!” exclaimed Doctor Baldric, as soon as he could command his voice.

“And to think that only the other day I was telling this patient how ‘Father Tom’ floored the Pope,” communed Quotidian, indifferent to the attack of his master.

The trio then hastily picked themselves up and left the court-room.

A group of lawyers and newspaper men gathered about Mr. Somers and warmly congratulated him.

When order had been again restored, his Honour turned towards the place lately occupied by the counsel for the Baldric Asylum; but his chair, as well as that of his client, was empty.

There was therefore nothing for the judge to do except to discharge the patient.

“The motion for the release of one Felix Somers from the custody of the Baldric Asylum for the Insane is granted by default. A further examination of these affidavits will not be necessary,” said

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was p e for

Then the confusion br at afresh, and the congratulations to the young journalist came from all directions.

The news of the sensation in the court-room had spread over the entire building, and even the outside corridors were choked by a struggling throng clamorous for admission.

Already every afternoon newspaper in the metropolis was taxing its utmost energies to have the first "extra" on the sheet detailing the humorous features of the scene.

But the curious inquiry *de lunatico*, fitting climax of this dramatic incident, was of the past; and with the close of this ended the romance of the story, so far as "the late patient" was concerned.

Then came the realities of hard work.

Mr. Somers went direct to the editorial rooms, and began the arduous task of committing to writing, under the most exciting spur of immediate demand for copy, the memories of a strangely eventful fortnight.

Day after day the ~~narrative~~ narrative appeared; early and late the ~~presses~~ presses laboured and groaned, but for two whole weeks the supply never exceeded the demand.

END OF THE COMEDY.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles.

THE EPILOGUE.

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THE EPILOGUE.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

THE object of this enterprise was not so much to prove that sane men are sometimes incarcerated in private mad-houses, as to expose the ill-treatment to which the insane confined in all such institutions are subjected. But it resulted in showing that there were twelve sane persons in the Baldric Asylum *in the opinion of the physicians*. Within thirty-six hours of the final scene in court, twelve out of the one-hundred and eighty-five patients were discharged as cured, and returned to their friends.

It is barely possible that Doctor Baldric might have obtained an intimation in advance of the following letter, which was dated five days later :—

Albany, N. Y., August 23rd, 1872.

GENTLEMEN,—

Charges of abuses in the Baldric Lunatic Asylum have lately been made in the public prints by persons who give their names and avow their ability to prove their allegations. This asylum is, in common with others of less note, a purely private establishment, subject to no supervision of the public authorities. Our laws permit the confinement of alleged lunatics as well in these private institutions as in the public asylums of the State, upon the order of magistrates of the grade of Justice of the Peace, issued upon the certificates of any two physicians.

This condition of the law, giving opportunity for abuses, I have more than once asked the Legislature to correct. At the last Session two Bills passed the Assembly, furnishing better safeguards in connexion with the commitment and care of lunatics; one of these provided very properly, that no person or institution should undertake the care of lunatics, except when licensed by the State Commissioners of Charities, and thus subjected to their inspection.

This Bill failed to pass the Senate. It was very publicly asserted, and not denied, that the failure of the Bill in the Senate was due chiefly to the personal efforts at Albany of the chief physician of the Baldric Asylum.

An aversion thus manifested to proper supervision of the public authorities makes it the more important as well to the repute of the institution itself as to the public interests, that the charges now made should be investigated. I do, therefore, appoint you a commission for the purpose of investigating these charges and any others that may be laid before you against this or any other asylum for lunatics, whether under public or private management; and of visiting and inspecting the several asylums, with or without charges being made against them, with a view to discovering abuses, wherever they exist, requesting that you report the result of your inquiries to me as soon as possible. The duty which I impose upon you is, I know, onerous. At present there is no provision of law enabling me to compensate you for your labour or your expenses. I feel warranted, however, in assuring you that the Legislature at its

next Session will not fail to make just and liberal compensation, knowing that the people will have the same confidence that I have in your fitness for this very important trust. I make an earnest request, that out of regard for the general good, you will accept the duty.

Very truly yours,

JOHN T. HOFFMAN,

Governor of the State of New York.

Hon. Francis C. Barlow, Attorney-General;
M. B. Anderson, LL.D., President of the
Rochester University; and Thomas Hun,
M.D., Albany.

This Commission, composed of the three most prominent men in the State in their respective professions,—Law, Letters, and Medicine,—met and visited the Baldric Asylum at as early a date as possible. They found the Lodge in about the condition in which it was on the day of the Director's visit; everything was ready for an examination. These men were thoroughly in earnest, however,

and insisted upon inspecting every portion of the institution without the guidance of the physicians or keepers. They scrutinized the wire cage in which the wretched Horace Williams was exposed, naked, in the sun; they saw the author's cell, and found it and its bed fully as objectionable as he had; they saw the patients at dinner, and, although the food was supplied in abundance and none of "the guests" were struck in their presence, the meal was served upon the greasy, uncovered tables, and in the same repulsive manner.

Having completed the inspection, Carrot, the keeper of Hall XI., was examined. He admitted that the uncomfortable seats, mentioned by the author, had been replaced by the cane-seated chairs and lounges then distributed so plentifully about the corridors and Liberty Hall; they had been borrowed from the chapel and the waiting-rooms of the main building—to be returned, of course, when the inspection was concluded. Also, that the ice-water had been taken from under lock and key for the occasion; and, in many other unwillingly given details, fully substantiated every statement of

fact or incident recorded in the published narrative.

The author of these pages was summoned, and appeared at the first session of the Commission, where he repeated the entire details of his stay among the maniacs, with every incident, name, and date. He was asked, in conclusion, to give his opinions regarding the most efficient and practical remedies which would better the condition, and hasten the cure of the insane. These remarks, which, as given in detail, consisted of specific items and suggestions,—all practical, simple, and useful,—can here be summed up in the words:—BETTER CLASSIFICATION OF PATIENTS. In working out any theories of this kind no scheme is practical which presupposes any other than physicians of fair average ability, actuated by pride in their profession and honesty of purpose, and attendants possessing a small share of common humanity—not totally bereft of it.

The Commission reported to the Legislature in due time, and upon its suggestions was drafted and passed a new statute for the insane. A Commissioner

of Lunacy was appointed, whose entire time is given to the frequent visitation and inspection of every insane asylum in the State of New York. The reforms on every hand, and in many other States, were many and multiform. But the law cannot do all. The author looks to the medical profession alone for permanent reforms.

Whatever may have been found in these pages, therefore, which can be construed into an attack upon the worthy profession of Medicine, has, I beg to assure every one who reads, been completely misinterpreted.

In the legal brotherhood—closely allied to medicine by medico-legal jurisprudence—there exists a summary mode of eliminating incompetent or disreputable members. It is within the province of the Bar Association to bring before a court of high jurisdiction any judge, attorney, or counsellor who disgraces it, and, upon conviction—using the legal term—to “Throw him over the Bar.”

Such has been the justice recently portioned out to several prominent judges and lawyers whose names might easily be given (were it necessary to

be personal), and such should be the manner in which your older and equally honourable profession should deal with incompetency, criminal indifference, or venality. What words would be harsh enough to apply to a lawyer, who, undertaking the defence of a man on trial for his life, and after receiving all his fees in advance and deluding him and his friends with vain hopes, should abandon him at the last moment? How can, a physician be misjudged, who, charged with the task of warding off Death in his most dreadful form, will leave his patients to incompetent assistants while he enjoys a summer's season at the watering-places?

Therefore, earnest, conscientious men of the medical profession, I say to you regarding any such practitioner, borrowing the legal term,—

"Throw him over the Bar!"

THE END.

APPENDIX

Experiments were conducted by the author
and a number of his colleagues.

See "What is the matter?"

See "The Matter?"

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Appendix.

- E. JARVIS—"What shall we do with the Insane" (1842).
E. JARVIS—"Causes of Insanity" (1851).
F. LEURET—"Du Traitement Moral de la Folie" (Paris, 1840).
MARC—"De la Folie" (Paris, 1840).
MILLINGEN—"Considerations on Hereditary Insanity" (1845).
MAUDSLEY—"Responsibility in Mental Diseases."
MORRISON—"Mental Diseases" (1826).
PAMPHLETS—In the shape of European and American Asylum reports for the past twenty-five years, in all 83 pamphlets, lectures, reports, theses, &c. Reports of the Baldrick Lunatic Asylum (1846 to 1871).
PARKMAN—"Management of Lunatics" (1817).
PERZETER—"Maniacal Disorders" (1792).
J. PERCIVAL—"Narrative of Treatment" (1838).
PINEL, *père*—"Sur l'Aliénation Mentale" (Paris, 1809).
PINEL, *fils*—"Lecture before the Royal Academy of France" (English translation).
J. C. PRITCHARD—"A Treatise on Insanity" (1837).
T. PRITCHARD—Report of Cases.
A. ROSS—"Recollections of an Ex-Maniac."
SMYTH—"Private Madhouses" (1823).
SUNDT—"Om Fantefolket" (1859).
UPHAM—"Disordered Mental Action." "Mad Houses in England." "The Insane of Great Britain." (1845 to 1856.)
WYMAN—Articles in *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, several of which have since been re-published under the title of "The Border Lands of Insanity."

